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BIG BLUE BOOK NO. **B-13**
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

John Brown---The Facts of His Life and Martyrdom

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I. THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS

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John Brown was born in the first year of the nineteenth century. During the first half of the century he lived as a quiet, peaceable, busy man: tanner, shepherd, wool merchant, surveyor. In the middle of the sixth decade of the century, he strode suddenly upon the stage as a Kansas border chief-tain; and, within a little more than four years he became, in a most grim and terrible and fantastic manner, the dominating figure in the great tragic struggle of the century.

When there is mention of American Negro slavery, the name of John Brown leaps instantly, and still rather startlingly, to mind: yet this man's warfare against slavery did not begin until slavery was rapidly approaching its end and his marked, hostile operations against "the peculiar institution" covered a period of not quite five years. It was to the tune of "John Brown's Body" that the Northern troops marched into battle, originally with the sole object of saving the Union: and, on the eve of the Civil War, John Brown was hung as a traitor to this Union.

A strange, brief, all but incredible career—a romantic career that had for its hero a stern, humor-

less, fanatical Puritan—the career of a man who, with a little band of poorly equipped followers, directed a personal attack upon an institution that ruled the powerful government of the United States.

The story of John Brown is the most amazing story in American history: and even when all its elements are simply told and apparently explained, amazement lingers and will not die. It is, indeed, a simple story. John Brown was a very simple man. He was impelled by a single, simple, fixed idea. Yet as John Brown's soul goes marching on in popular song and in the annals of martyrdom, the marvel of his story grows. Not the age, not slavery and its passions, not "the irrepressible conflict," but John Brown himself—this man of awful sincerity, obsessed and fiercely driven by an intolerable urge of conscience, believing himself personally called by God to put an end to slavery—it is he who is the marvellous figure in the drama. And real as he was—starkly real—he has become as a figure of legend, with a force infinitely greater than that of reality.

It is, by contrast, a sufficiently

simple and plainly framed picture that we have of John Brown's first fifty years. His life was the rough, difficult, uncertain life of the American pioneer: and, beyond that, the life of a peaceful man of trade and agriculture. If not so picturesque (in story) and dangerous as the pioneer life of a slightly earlier day, it was full of poverty and hardships: and it enforced a reliance upon individual resources and strength of character. It was the kind of life to develop stout, tireless, alert, obstinate men—such a man as John Brown became, such a man as he indeed became when but a mere child in years.

The Puritan in John Brown was a direct, natural heritage. His ancestors were among the very early settlers of New England—and John Brown, it has been truly observed, was as much one of them as if he had lived in the seventeenth instead of the nineteenth century. The shadow of his forefathers was with John Brown, no less in war than in peace, in the guerilla-infested Kansas bush as in the sheep-covered valleys of Ohio. He was "the Miles Standish of Kansas." John Brown, who, on the gallows, was the first of his family to win a place in history, furnished a spectacle dramatically at variance with the previous record of the humble, hard-

working Browns—yet he was indubitably one of the Browns in spirit and aspect no less than in his antecedents.

Owen Brown, the father of John Brown, knew the bitter taste of poverty after his father (Captain John Brown) had fallen in the struggle for American independence. He felt the pinch of want in childhood; early ventured into the world, to relieve the mother supporting a large family; wandered about a great deal, learning the trade of shoemaker and tanner; and he finally landed in Ohio in 1805. John Brown's mother died in childbirth in 1808. Two other wives Owen Brown had, and in all ten sons and six daughters. The eldest of the children, Salmon Brown, born in 1794, became a lawyer of note in New Orleans, the editor of the *New Orleans Bee*, and a vigorous anti-Jackson man. He died in 1833.

When Owen Brown moved to Ohio in 1805, that country was "a wilderness filled with wild beasts, & Indians," relates an odd scrap of autobiography left by John Brown: the chief danger was from the wild beasts, as Brown remarks, concerning the Redmen, that after a little childish fear "he used to hang about them quite as much as was consistent with good manners; & learned a trifle of their talk." At the age of six,

John could dress the skins of animals; and at the age of twelve he was entrusted with the driving of cattle on long, lonely, perilous trips. It was on one such journey that, he records, he first had a vivid, personal glimpse of the effects of slavery. He observed the harsh treatment of a colored boy of his own age, the property of the landlord of the inn at which young John stayed. This experience, he says, "made him a most *determined Abolitionist*; & led him to declare, or *Swear: Eternal war with Slavery*." He was content, however, to follow the paths of peace for more than two score years from this date.

It goes without saying that there were few school advantages on the rude frontier. And John frankly confesses that he was little inclined to study, preferring not only play but the hardest work at home. Yet at the age of ten "he acquired some taste for reading," an old friend urging him to study history and offering him books for the purpose. "He by this means," says Brown, writing of himself in the third person, "grew to be verry fond of the company & conversation of old & intelligent persons." But it is not as a scholar that John Brown can interest us. His scholarship was chiefly exhibited in a remarkable knowledge of the Bible, which he

always quoted freely and from which he derived battle cries as well as prayers. A Bible and a military manual were all the books John Brown needed: it was his native force of personality (brusque and domineering though not unkindly) and his intense conviction (a conviction absolutely religious in its nature) that secured him the mastery of men.

To look beyond the boy and glance at the equipment of the man, Brown was an admirer of the writings of Benjamin Franklin, absorbing "Poor Richard's" maxims of economy and ethics but missing Franklin's genial, skeptical, very tolerant attitude. He was also interested in the lives of Washington and Napoleon, especially from a military point of view in later years: and, while preparing at last for the Harper's Ferry adventure, he wrote to Boston for biographies of the two generals, for the use of his followers, who were in training of a sort at Springdale, Iowa. Plutarch's *Lives*, too, he wished his men to read: and one can understand how Plutarch's glorification of blows struck for liberty, the end always justifying the means, appealed to John Brown, whose position with regard to slavery was similarly hard, direct and uncompromising. On Brown's educational attainments Richard Henry Dana, Jr.,

remarked briefly in his diary, June 27, 1849. Dana and two friends, after having been lost in the woods, came to John Brown's house at North Elba, N. Y. Dana described Brown as "a thin, sinewy, hard-favored, clear-headed, honest-minded man. . . ." And: "On conversing with him, we found him well informed on most subjects, especially in the natural sciences. He had books, and had evidently made a diligent use of them. . . ."

When a young man, Brown attended school for a year or so in the East, with his mind on the pulpit. Inflammation of the eyes cut short this phase, and he returned to Hudson, Ohio, to follow once more the immediate family vocation of tanning. It was shortly after this return that John Brown and his adopted brother, Levi Blakeslee, gave refuge to a runaway slave in their bachelor quarters near the tannery. And it was not long after this that Brown married Dianthe Lusk, whose mother had been installed as his housekeeper; this wife, like John's mother, died in childbirth, in 1832; they had seven children, five living to maturity. In home life, John Brown was a typical patriarch after the style of the familiar figures in his favorite Bible; his affection was often sternly manifested, and not infre-

quently with the rod; but in later years he believed in sparing the rod, though not relaxing his stern notions of conduct and belief. The Sundays in his family were blue ones, gloomy and pious. Family worship and church attendance were strictly commanded. His sons grew up outside of the church and, good men as they were, the father worried over their lack of full and formal religion. Their religion was hatred of slavery—as, indeed, it was the supreme article of Brown's religion.

Brown's morality was, in certain aspects, quite utilitarian. For example: "Hunting, gunning and fishing he had an abhorrence of as learning men and boys to idle away their time and learn lazy habits, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he would trust a man with a piece of leather who came after it with a gun on his shoulder." So, in after years, wrote James Foreman, an employe of Brown's at this period. "He took great pains," says the same authority, "to inculcate general information among the people, good moral books and papers, and to establish a reading community." Politically, John Brown was an Adams man and later a Whig, but Foreman declared: "I do not believe the time ever was that he would have voted for Henry Clay, for the reason that he had

fought a duel and owned slaves." In short, John Brown, like his father before him, and in close keeping with his Puritan ancestry, was a very religious, moral man, firm in the faith, looking constantly to the Scriptures for guidance—and, it should be added, preferring the rigorous precepts of the Old Testament to the gentler and more enlightened teaching of the New Testament and of Jesus. It is not without point to remark that it was to this same Old Testament that devout Southerners were accustomed to appeal in upholding slavery as a divinely appointed institution.

Although successfully established in Ohio, Brown moved in May, 1825, to Pennsylvania—to Richmond in that state; and, with characteristic pioneer energy, he had by October a tannery in operation and twenty-five acres cleared of timber. This was a new settlement, as Hudson had been when Owen Brown cast his lot there; and John Brown was a leading and very useful spirit in laying the foundations of this Pennsylvania community. He surveyed roads, worked for the introduction of school and church and, in a word, was wholly the pacific builder and civilizer; and a man of exceedingly high, not to say commanding, reputation among his neighbors.

Here Brown lived ten years, with prosperity and dignity, but not without grief, as at this place his first wife and two children died. He was married a second time, to Mary Anne Day, who lived to see her husband executed and immortalized almost in the same moment. Brown was apparently settled in good earnest, but his family was to move nine other times and to lead a wandering existence. In 1828 he was put in charge of the newly created post-office for the district: Randolph. And he carried mail between the hamlets of Meadville and Riceville. Brown's first embroilment occurred in this period, when a mob in Meadville threatened his life because of his denunciations of the assassination of Morgan, the exposé of Masonic secrets. The most interesting facts concerning his life at this time have to do with his attitude toward slavery. For one thing, he was prepared to assist fugitive slaves, and well prepared. Says Oswald Garrison Villard, whose biography of Brown must be regarded as a masterpiece and the finest, fullest treatment of its subject: "There was in the haymow of his barn a roughly boarded room, entered by a trap-door, and ventilated and equipped for the use of escaping slaves. The whole was always so cleverly concealed by hay that a man might

stand on the trap-door and yet see no signs of the hiding place."

Again, in 1834, Brown is first known to have expressed a definite plan in behalf of the slaves. Yet this scheme, which was unfolded in a letter to his brother Frederick, was far from the virulent opposition to slavery that John Brown later displayed, being no more than a proposal to educate the blacks. A school in Richmond, for this purpose, was in his mind: but first he and his family had agreed to take a Negro youth and raise him with the Brown children—a free Negro, or one they might persuade a "Christian slaveholder" to release, or one whom they might, at considerable sacrifice, purchase if need be. A campaign of education, Brown thought, would split asunder the institution of slavery, forcing the Southerners themselves to abolish it in self-defense. This theory, which he meditated in solitude, would have found scant approval in the North, where Negro instruction was actively opposed—a situation of which Brown was unaware. Although we hear no more of this project, we know that Brown, even after he took the field against slavery, did not lose sight of the importance of a cultivation of industry, morality and knowledge among the Negroes.

Hard times in 1835 compelled

Brown to move his family back to Ohio, now to Franklin Mills in that state, where he entered into partnership with Zenas Kent, for the business of tanning. A short-lived partnership was this, dissolved as soon as the tannery was built: and Brown became a canal builder, obtaining a contract for work on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal. Shortly thereafter Brown, with a man named Thompson, borrowed money to engage in land speculation, plotting an addition of a hundred acres to the town of Franklin. A number of citizens joined to push this venture further, but the canal company deprived the site of water power, and the undertaking was a failure. Brown was badly entangled by this venture, and indeed from now on his affairs were so involved at different times, and in various ways, that one is glad to leave to the industrious biographer the task of ferreting out the details. There was nothing to reflect seriously upon Brown's honesty, though much to mark him as a careless man of business.

From this time on, Brown's family moved about in Ohio, to Massachusetts, and between Ohio and New York—and here, again, a sketch willingly foregoes the close details of a biography. The head of the family fell much in the way of travelling, on one busi-

ness and another. There were trips to the East, the sale of cattle being the object; on one trip he obtained the agency for a New York steel scythes firm, and another time a Connecticut firm arranged for the purchase of wool through Brown—but the twenty-eight hundred dollars Brown, carelessly to say the least, used for other purposes than buying wool. This carelessness, in a man who was in many ways very practical, brought him into bankruptcy in 1842. The Connecticut firm was easy with Brown, taking his word for eventual reimbursement, and does not appear to have harbored the thought of deliberate bad faith against him. "At his death in 1859," says Villard, "this debt like many another was still unpaid, and John Brown bequeathed fifty dollars toward its payment by his last will and testament." The speculative fever, too, possessed Brown and kept him from slower and surer means of reestablishing himself. Another business in which Brown was engaged was that of the raising of Saxony sheep on a rather large scale, and there were frequent shipments of sheep from the East to the Ohio valleys.

A fact not without significance is that Brown, in 1840, entertained the idea of settling in Virginia; the man who was to be, fifteen

years later, the most militant of all the foes of slavery was willing, and indeed seems to have rejoiced at the opportunity, to acquire a stake in the country south of the Mason and Dixon line. This, to be sure, argues no fading of abolitionist sentiment—the South had its abolitionists—but it does argue that Brown at the time was not plotting eternal war upon slavery. His motive in the contemplated removal to Virginia was, according to the evidence of letters, merely that of the settler. The land on which Brown proposed to settle belonged to Oberlin College, and Brown had tentatively arranged with the college trustees for the survey and purchase of this portion of its possessions. He went to Virginia, and surveyed the selected site, but owing to his hesitation in closing the bargain, it finally fell through; and Brown once more became a shepherd, now guarding the flocks of Captain Oviatt, of Richfield, Ohio, one of the family's numerous moves being to this town. Brown turned his attention successfully to the raising of prize sheep and cattle; and not only this, but he established at Richfield a tannery, which quickly thrived.

Hardly was he embarked upon what looked like a stream of success in Richfield, when Brown moved his family to Akron. Here

he went into partnership with Simon Perkins, Jr., in the sheep business. In a letter to his son, John Brown, Jr., the father comments with pride upon the fact that Mr. Perkins was willing to enter into "this no mean alliance for our family," which "is certainly endorsing the poor bankrupt and his family, three of whom were but recently in Akron jail, in a manner quite unexpected." This has reference to the second violent or near-violent episode in John Brown's life. It was over a complicated transaction regarding a piece of land, which John Brown had pledged to one creditor, for which another creditor sued, and which Brown persuaded a friend to buy at the sheriff's sale. The friendly purchase led to very unfriendly trouble, Brown still using the land for pasturage and his friend Chamberlain asserting possession of it. Brown and his sons held a shanty on the ground by force of arms until the sheriff arrested them; and it was thus that they came for a short stay in Akron jail, "in a manner quite unexpected." Altogether, says Villard, Brown's troubles over money and property entangled him in twenty-one lawsuits. He never became free of financial worry, as, even after he took to the rifle and the sword in opposition to slavery, he was

continually, or at frequent periods, engaged in trying to raise money in the East for the subsidizing of his holy war.

In 1846, Perkins and Brown established an office in Springfield, Mass., for the sale of wool—not only their own, but that of the Middle Western farmers generally. It was here that Frederick Douglass, the celebrated Negro orator, first met John Brown. This Eastern venture, although it lasted several years, had serious ups and downs, with the downs predominating; Brown, although an expert sheep and wool man, was not a business man. He developed a great interest in the possibilities of exporting wool, and in 1849 went to London as the representative of the firm, and an association of wool growers, being in Europe from the end of August until the end of October. The trip was so far a failure in a business way that the loss, says Villard, was probably forty thousand dollars. More interesting is the fact that John Brown, now with a growing desire to attack slavery and the conviction that it must be done forcibly, travelled for some days on the Continent and studied, though to what extent is unknown, some military fortifications in Europe. With less than a month in France, Belgium and Germany (possibly, but not probably, else-

where) he could not have made very extensive or useful studies in the military art. But the trip made such an impression that he often referred to it later in discussing and defending his plan for an anti-slavery war and an uprising of the slaves.

Other and heavy losses befell the firm of Perkins & Brown, and there was litigation involving large sums of thousands of dollars; but, while the wool business was perforce abandoned, Perkins was well satisfied with Brown as a partner in the sheep-raising business and that was continued until the spring of 1854.

Not only did Brown move much in abolitionist circles in Massachusetts, hearing and meeting prominent anti-slavery agitators, but he organized in Springfield, in 1851, the United States League of Gileadites, its purpose being to band the colored people together to resist the capture of fugitive slaves. The Springfield branch was the first and only one established. In 1849 Brown was drawn by another venture in behalf of the Negroes to locate at North Elba, N. Y., moving his family from Springfield to that place. This was a settlement of blacks on land given by Garrit Smith, eminent and wealthy abolitionist. Brown purchased three farms of Smith in the North Elba region,

paying for them as he could: and this philanthropist conceived a great and generous friendship for John Brown. Brown was not much at North Elba, the distressing fortunes of Perkins & Brown keeping him continually on the go. When that firm decided to continue in the sheep-raising business alone, Brown moved his family again to Ohio, only to settle them finally at North Elba in 1855, just before his departure for Kansas.

Throughout all these movings, travelings and business vicissitudes, John Brown had been moving toward that position which brought him into the sharpest conflict with the forces of slavery. There is some obscurity as to when he first considered the plan of a definite, armed opposition to slavery. There was in 1839 or 1840 a rather solemn family pact to oppose slavery to the end, but there is no reliable testimony of any clear plan of action; this was simply a pledge of principle rather than a plan of procedure. It is, however, known, on the testimony of Frederick Douglass, that Brown about 1847 spoke to him of his plan for a raid, without naming Harper's Ferry or the arsenal. It was, then, probably close to his fiftieth year that John Brown began to turn over actively in his mind the final scene

of his brief career as Captain Brown. Brown, amazingly it seems, confided his plans at this time and afterward to many persons. Says Villard: "During all the North Elba period, from 1849 to 1851, so Miss Sarah Brown thinks, she and all the children knew that a blow was to be struck at Harper's Ferry. She clearly remembers how, when Harper's Ferry came into the lesson at school, her heart hammered and she shivered as with cold. Yet she cannot recall that any of them were ever cautioned to keep silence as to this. She thinks they all understood the necessity of secrecy as to all their father's plans so well, that warnings were known to be superfluous. She clearly recalls standing behind her father's chair and watching him draw diagrams of log forts, explaining how the logs were to be laid, how the roofs were to be made, and how trees were to be felled without, and laid as obstacles to attacking parties. This was to be in the mountains near Harper's Ferry, and her father was making the pictures and explaining his plans to one Epps, a Negro neighbor, who was looking on, and whom her father was endeavoring—vainly—to induce to join the raiders."

Owen, Frederick and Salmon Brown emigrated to Kansas in the spring of 1855, and shortly follow-

ing them came Jason and John, Jr. Bad times in Ohio and the prospect of better fortunes in the virgin land of Kansas moved the Brown boys as well as their desire, strong enough by itself, to help in the struggle to settle Kansas as a free state. The father, however, wrote his son John on August 21, 1854, that "*I feel committed to operate in another part of the field.*" Early in 1855 he had felt this conscientious commitment less strongly, and when, in May of that year, John Brown, Jr., in a long letter, described the struggle in Kansas and the great need of firearms and ammunition, the father turned his thoughts completely toward Kansas. He would collect arms and join his sons. Hardly taking time to establish his wife and younger children and one grown son, Watson, at North Elba, he started for the Western front.

"Thenceforth," says Villard "John Brown could give free rein to his *Wanderlust*; the shackles of business life dropped from him. He was now bowed and rapidly turning gray; to every one's lips the adjective 'old' leaped as they saw him. But his was not the age of senility, nor of weariness with life; nor were the lines of care due solely to family and business anxieties, or the hard labor of the fields. They were rather the marks of the fires consuming

within; of the indomitable purpose that was the mainspring of every action; of a life devoted, a spirit inspired. Emancipation from the counter and the harrow came joyfully to him at the time of life when most men begin to long for rest and the repose of a quiet, well-ordered home. Thenceforth he was free to move where he pleased, to devote every thought to his battle with the slave-power he staggered, which then knew nothing of his existence."

II. IN KANSAS

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John Brown, his son Oliver, and his son-in-law, Henry Thompson, left Chicago for the overland trip to Kansas at the end of August, 1855. They had a one-horse wagon, with "so much load that we shall have to walk a good deal": a war-like load it was, consisting of arms, ammunition and clothing for the little Brown colony of free state settlers at Osawatomie, Kans. They chose the land way by advice of John Brown, Jr., who reported that the trip by steamer up the Missouri River was "a horrid business in a low stage of water which is a considerable portion of the year." The steamers, too, were crowded with pro-slavery parties, not too friendly disposed. "That they were from the South was plainly indicated by their language and dress," wrote John, Jr.; "while their drinking, profanity, and display of revolvers and bowie-knives, openly wearing them as an essential part of their make-up, clearly showed the class to which they belonged and that their mission was to aid in establishing slavery in Kansas." A godless crew—so was the enemy described in most of the letters of the friends of freedom. Some farm tools and some fruit trees and grape vines for transplanting were

the sole and oddly incongruous signs of peace on that boat, added John.

The two families, John's and Jason's, had been left at Waverly, Mo., by the hostile captain; when the boat stopped at that place for slight repairs, the Browns went ashore to bury Jason's four-year-old son, Austin, who had died of cholera; and the pro-slavery captain was no doubt glad of the chance to desert his passengers, hoping certainly that they would never reach Kansas. That they did get through was not due to any kind aid received from Missouri settlers, save at the town of Independence, close to the Kansas border.

Free state parties, bound for Kansas by way of Missouri, were forced to travel through a hostile country. There were black looks and threats for them, but neither food nor shelter. The spirit in which John Brown went to Kansas is revealed by his answer to a threatening speech by an old Missourian, who descended inquisitively upon the little party as they waited for the ferry at the Missouri River town of Brunswick. "Where are you going?" was asked. "To Kansas," spoke up John Brown. And from New York,

he replied upon further question. "You won't live to get there," he was told. "We are prepared," said John Brown, "*not to die alone.*" The shepherd was now the warrior in deadly earnest.

John Brown and his two companions reached Kansas early in October, to find the settlers in the grip of a terrible winter and most ill prepared for the experience. They had only tents for shelter; the food supply was not of the best; and the party was suffering from the ague. John Brown at once took command of the situation, and more substantial dwellings were erected, "in the face of icy rains and freezing nights."

Bitter enough were the natural hardships of settling, but added to these were the terrors of intense political warfare that broke out fiercely when Kansas was first thrown open to the arbitrament of "squatter sovereignty." From South and East the opposing streams of emigrants came, one carrying the banner of slavery and the other the banner of freedom. And it was a simple matter for the pro-slavery citizens of Missouri to ride over the border into Kansas and assume a lawless and high hand in the affairs of the new territory. They terrorized the elections, stuffing the ballot boxes and carrying the day by force—and all this quite openly.

Yet at first this was a needless course, as the pro-slavery settlers, those who had really set stakes in Kansas, were in the majority. "On horseback and in wagons, with guns, bowie-knives, revolvers and plenty of whiskey," the mobs from Missouri invaded Kansas in the Fall of 1854, boldly camped at the voting places and elected a pro-slavery delegate to Congress; and this wholesale intimidation and seizure of an election was repeated in March, 1855, when the first legislature for the territory was chosen. This legislature and its Lecompton Constitution, the free state party refused to recognize. They proceeded to make their own separate constitution, choose their own legislative body and elect their own delegate to Congress; and although this delegate—Reeder, ex-governor of the territory—was turned down by Congress, his appeal was not wasted, as it brought the situation in Kansas sharply to the attention of the national body and resulted in the appointment of the Howard Committee to investigate the protested reign of lawlessness.

This political method of resistance did not please John Brown. He was for aggressive measures from the start. The free state party was in fact divided even as to the political activity; and John Brown, Jr., was prominent in the

councils of the radical wing, which stood for a bold and forthright resistance to the authority of the pro-slavery government. Yet the constitutional convention called by the radical free state element, meeting at Topeka in September, 1855, was in favor of excluding free Negroes from the new state; while the more conservative gathering at Big Springs, earlier in the same month, had declared in favor of "any fair and reasonable provision in regard to the slaves already in the Territory." The free state party was anxious to clear itself of "the stale and ridiculous charge of Abolitionism." The Negro exclusion policy of the Topeka meeting was upheld, in a large majority, by the free state voters. "Three-fourths of the Free State settlers were in favor of a free white State," says Villard, "and the heaviest voting against the free Negro was in Lawrence and Topeka. Obviously, those who had come to Kansas with the purpose of opposing the extension of slavery were in a small minority, just as the scanty slave population shows either that few of the Missouri settlers came solely for slavery's sake, or else that, if they had such a purpose, they feared to bring their slaves with them." In February, 1855, there were only 192 slaves in the territory, while there were 151

free Negroes. The truth is that Kansas was not adapted to slavery, the Southerners made poor colonists, and few slaves were at any time brought to Kansas. Climate and the inevitable preponderance of emigrants from the East (who soon outnumbered the pro-slavery settlers) were sufficient to determine the character of the new state.

There were those, however, to whom Kansas was merely an abolitionist outpost, and the struggle there but the prelude to a greater struggle. These men were more concerned with the destruction of slavery than they were with the settlement of Kansas. Of these John Brown was one, and none was less ready for any aspect of compromise. He was eager for war—it was only thus, by force and the shedding of blood, that there could be remission of the sin of slavery. It was his hope that the struggle in Kansas would spread into a wider warfare that would extinguish slavery, root and branch. And throughout John Brown's activities in Kansas, it was not simply the battle for a state in which he engaged himself, but direct war upon "the peculiar institution."

John Brown and those who believed with him did not begin war, however. They waited upon events, restive it is true under the

patient, peaceful efforts of the moderate free state faction. That these efforts would eventually succeed Brown did not believe. Force was the solution that could not humanly be avoided. The Missourians were hostile enough, in all truth, and the Missouri leaders and newspapers breathed fire and slaughter against the "nigger thieves" from the East. The political invasions from Missouri were full of alarm, and the free state leaders put themselves in readiness by ordering Sharp's rifles from the Emigrant Aid Society in Boston, these weapons being forwarded under the innocent labels of "Revised Statutes" and "Books." There was an ominous sign of the temper of the pro-slavery side in the passing by its legislature of a law imposing five years' imprisonment at hard labor upon any one who spoke against the right of slaveholding or circulated anti-slavery literature. This law was not actually enforced, but it was defied in an unmistakable manner by the Browns—certainly by John Brown, Jr., who wrote to his mother, describing his action on September 15, 1855, the day when the repressive law was supposed to take effect:

"Yesterday I told a man who I since learn has a slave here that no man had a right to hold a slave in Kansas, that I called on him to witness that I had broken this law and

that I still intended to do so at all times and at all places, and further that if any officer should attempt to arrest me for a violation of this law and should put his villainous hands on me, I would surely kill him so help me God. He made no reply but rode off.—Nothing is now wanting but an attempt to enforce this law with others of like import, which Gov. Shannon has declared he will do, and we shall have war here to the knife."

"War to the knife"—it was literally that which John Brown, in less than a year, was to bring suddenly and terribly to the banks of Pottawatomie Creek. Meanwhile, the tide of violence was mounting; there had been a number of individual outrages already, but in this winter of 1855 there were more killings and out of one of them, the assassination of a young Ohio settler, Charles Dow, who was shot in the back by a Virginia man as the result of a private, property quarrel, there came a massed opposition of forces in what is known as the "Wakarusa War." The murder of Dow was followed by a protest meeting of free state settlers, who resolved that this fresh outrage should not go unpunished. Not this murder alone, but previous deeds of violence at which the territorial authorities had connived, lifting no hand against the guilty persons, had aroused the settlers to indignation and alarm. Pro-slavery law was inert when confronted with

pro-slavery lawlessness. Such a situation, lawless in the extreme and mockery of free government, could hardly have existed had it not been for the ascendancy of the pro-slavery party in Washington, which held up the hands of Governor Shannon, who in turn was a tool of the pro-slaveryites, though a very weak tool. Yet the government in Washington, if it showed an early and too easy complaisance toward the course of events in Kansas, did later acquire a more resolute and a fairer character—when a governor of honest purpose showed a firm hand in restoring order. Under Shannon's regime, however, the free state men had reason to fear and to act in some fashion, although peace was still the general desire.

The mock made of the law at this time was exemplified in the person of Samuel J. Jones, who was simultaneously postmaster of Westport, Mo., and sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas. A swashbuckling fellow was this Jones, much given to bravado, more of a bully than a hero, but withal a dangerous wielder of power in any degree. He was absolutely of the ruffian type and a fit leader of the Missouri hordes. He had a hatred of Lawrence, which he was bitterly to vent in future. Sheriff Jones was a principal actor in the Wakarusa affair, and it was

he who, on the night of the protest meeting against Dow's murder, came with a posse to arrest Jacob Branson, with whom Dow had made his home. Branson was charged with having uttered threats and broken the peace. Word having gone forth of the arrest of Branson, that same night a party of free state men stopped Jones and his posse and, although the two forces were exactly equal (fifteen men each), rescued Branson without a shot being fired.

This, of course, was defiance to the law, however unfairly that law was being used. The leaders at Lawrence, to which place Branson and the rescuing party came, at once realized the gravity of the case and disavowed the act. The pro-slavery crowd, and none more eagerly than Sheriff Jones, had been wishing for an excuse to attack Lawrence, and no better occasion could arise. Now, however guiltless was Lawrence of this illegal rescue, it would be held guilty: and preparations were at once made for the defense of the town when Sheriff Jones, with reinforcements from Missouri, should arrive. Jones lost no time in reporting this "open rebellion" to Governor Shannon: and a free state party had further served his purpose by burning the cabins of three pro-slavery homesteaders. Widespread havoc was abroad,

Jones persuaded the Governor, who commanded the militia to proceed to the assistance of the Missouri-Kansas sheriff. Shannon was justified, obviously, in upholding the laws: but the gathering of forces at Lawrence was out of proportion to the seriousness of the affair—Lawrence itself was certainly not in rebellion—and it was hardly in keeping with a lawful purpose for a mob from Missouri to mingle with the militia of Kansas in besieging Lawrence. And, as this excitement actually grew out of a murder, rightly so-called, what steps did Governor Shannon take for the apprehension of the murderer? Three days after the crime, he conferred upon the murderer a commission as justice of the peace.

Governor Shannon played a queer, inconsistent role in this "war." Not the least queer of his acts was his finally asking the commandant at Fort Leavenworth to bring the federal troops to protect Lawrence against the motley army that had been assembled, by his order and consent, to quell "rebellion" in Lawrence. He had some occasion for alarm, as the Kansas militia that assembled on the Wakarusa River, south of Lawrence, was considerably outnumbered by the ruffianly horde from Missouri: and Sheriff Jones, with these men at his back, was

only too ready to deal badly with Lawrence. To the aid of Lawrence, meanwhile, had hurried numbers of free state settlers; but in all the force defending Lawrence was only about one-third of the force besieging it. The "war" was more warlike in aspect than action. After some parleying by messengers between Lawrence and the Wakarusa camp, Governor Shannon at length came into Lawrence for a discussion with Governor Robinson (the free state governor in this drama of dual government in Kansas) and the other leaders. The latter were able to prevail upon the weak Governor Shannon, who, between liquor and loose will, agreed to raise the siege: and on their side, the free state leaders entered into an equivocal agreement to aid in the enforcement of the laws, but refusing to commit themselves regarding the authority of the pro-slavery legislature and its laws.

The immediate outcome of the affair was all to the advantage of the free state men of Lawrence: but there was a number, John Brown conspicuously among them, who denounced the treaty as a cowardly compromise. After the pacific speech-making of Shannon and Robinson and "Jim" Lane, John Brown, says Villard, "boiling with anger, mounted the shaky platform. . . . He declared that

Lawrence had been betrayed, and told his hearers that they should make a night attack upon the proslavery forces and drive them out of the Territory." Fierce counsel this, and hardly wise—"Old Brown" was straining at the leash. Captain Brown he had become on this occasion. The Browns had hurried to Lawrence upon the first news of the Lawrence trouble, but they arrived after peace talk was already forward. John Brown was given command of a company of the Kansas Volunteers, and the "Liberty Guards" his band of twenty men was called.

This was John Brown's first appearance in the Kansas drama, of which he was speedily to become a protagonist. As to the impression that he made, R. G. Elliott, then an editor of the *Kansas Free State*, has written that "his grim visage, his bold announcements, with the patriarchal organization of his company, gave him at once welcome entrance into the military counsels of the defenders, and lightened up the gloom of the besieged in their darkest hour." Another who was present, James F. Legate, says that Brown "walked quietly from fort to fort and talked to the men stationed there, saying to each that it was nothing to die if their lives had served some good purpose, and that no purpose could be higher or better

than that which called us to surrender life, if need be, to repel such an invasion." Had John Brown not been the natural leader, the patriarch, that he was, the solemn intensity of his conviction, the single-mindedness of the man, would have gained him followers.

The "Wakarusa War" resulted in a single death: A small party of free state men, coming to Lawrence, were attacked by some of Sheriff Jones' men, and a young man named Barber was killed. His body, brought into Lawrence by his friends, doubtless helped to make Brown and others angry with the peace. The Missourians, under Sheriff Jones, Senator Atchison and General Stringfellow—fire-eaters all three—left the Wakarusa without striking a blow: but Sheriff Jones vowed vengeance upon Lawrence, and he was not long in keeping the vow.

On April 19 following (1856) Jones reappeared in Lawrence, boldly this time, and well he might be confident. Since the "Wakarusa War" the free state forces had been disheartened by a succession of calamitous acts. The worst blow of all was the message to Congress of President Pierce, in which he declared absolutely for the proslavery government in Kansas and denounced the free-soilers as unlawfully opposed to that government. Governor Shannon was au-

thorized to call upon the federal troops to enforce the laws—laws that had been made possible by armed, illegal voters from Missouri. Judge Lecompte charged the grand jury, sitting at Leecompton, that those having any part in resistance to the laws should be found guilty of “constructive treason.” A number of free state leaders were immediately indicted, without the formality of evidence. Governor Robinson, bound East to appeal in behalf of Kansas, was removed from a boat at Lexington, Mo., and returned to Leavenworth, though it was not until a week later he was indicted. Ex-Governor Reeder escaped from the state in disguise. “Jim” Lane, fortunately for him, was in Indiana. Finally, the grand jury reported its opinion that the free state newspapers in Lawrence, *The Herald of Freedom* and *The Kansas Free State*, should be suppressed, and the Free State Hotel, which they assumed to be a rebellious fortress, should be destroyed. With these legal attacks converging upon the free-soilers, there was also a series of individual murderous attacks.

This was the situation when Sheriff Jones came to Lawrence in April, bent upon arresting the rescuers of Branson and particularly the leader, S. N. Wood. Wood he took without trouble, but

his prisoner got away from him in a crowd of citizens. The next day Jones demanded that the citizens of Lawrence assist him to serve his warrants. They refused, and one citizen struck the sheriff when the latter laid hands upon him. Matters were proceeding quite to Jones’ pleasure. On April 23 he returned with a small body of United States cavalry, and arrested six citizens for their refusal to aid him. Still better to serve Jones’ purpose, he was on this occasion shot by a young New Yorker. The Missouri clans were again called to the warpath. And when the United States marshal commanded “the law-abiding citizens of the Territory” to assemble and assist him, too, in making arrests, which he declared had been “violently resisted by a large number of citizens of Lawrence,” it was the Missourians who responded.

So on May 21 Lawrence was once more besieged, and this time there was no effort at defense. There were no leaders, and the citizens of Lawrence thought to save themselves by a peaceful policy. They had appealed unsuccessfully to Governor Shannon to have the United States troops sent to their assistance. The Missourians had a free hand. Lawrence surrendered its arms. Arrests were made without hindrance by a deputy

United States marshal, after which Marshal Donaldson turned the situation over to Sheriff Jones. The latter was not interested in serving warrants on this day. His purpose was to avenge himself upon Lawrence. The two free state paper plants were destroyed, and "the types, papers, presses and books thrown into the river." Thirty-two cannon shots were fired into the Free State Hotel. The town was freely pillaged by these "law-abiding citizens," and Governor Robinson's home was also put to the torch. As the Free State Hotel fell by cannon shot and flames, Sheriff Jones cried out: "I have done it, by God, I have done it." His revenge on Lawrence was complete.

Alarms had gone forth from Lawrence upon this second and more serious march against the city, and the Browns, among others, had instantly responded as before; but this time they did not reach Lawrence, as they learned on the way that Jones and his men had come, burned, looted and gone. On further hearing that no hand had been raised in defense of the city by its citizens themselves, these distant settlers felt that they could hardly undertake to do what Lawrence had not done in its own behalf. Several companies met on the road to Lawrence; John Brown had his own little company

—four of his sons and his son-in-law; John Brown, Jr., was the captain of another company, of which Jason Brown was a member. There was talk of the situation: and certainly, with Lawrence just raided and with the killing that had occurred in other parts of the territory, the least important and distressing topic was the tale of two men, by name Weiner and Townsley, living near Dutch Henry's Crossing on the Pottawatomie. These men spoke of drunken threats made by the Williams brothers, three Germans, for one of whom this neighborhood was named. Such threats were common—threats of lynching or driving settlers out of the country. And as a matter of record there had been no violence along the Pottawatomie, in the neighborhood of Dutch Henry's Crossing and of Osawatomie. The Williams brothers and their associates were bad neighbors—worthless, drunken outlaws—but that was all.

So it appears that the Pottawatomie, which had been one of the quietest spots in Kansas, would not naturally strike concern to hearts that had just been agitated by the news from Lawrence and that had a plenty of real and terrible episodes in the north of the territory to consider. Yet John Brown, upon hearing these rumors from the Pottawatomie, took the

most dreadful step and the first decisive, violent step in his career, and struck his first blow in Kansas. "Now something *must* be done," his son Jason reports him as saying. "We have got to defend our families and our neighbors as best we can. Something *is going to be done now*. We must show by actual work that there are two sides to this thing and that they cannot go on with impunity." Thereupon Brown declared war, in the night, upon defenseless men. The evidence is that Brown told a council of a dozen men besides his own five men that he was fully resolved to kill as a lesson to the pro-slavery crowd, and in a manner that should be an unmistakable, fearful warning; and Salmon Brown says that the plan was generally understood in the camp—at least that there was killing on the program—and that when John Brown, his sons Owen, Frederick, Salmon and Oliver, Henry Thompson, Theodore Weiner and James Townsley, started for the Pottawatomie, they were cheered on their way. But after the event, there was haste to deny any guilty knowledge of it. On this fateful journey, Brown and his men met a messenger, who told them of Congressman Brooks' assault upon Senator Sumner.

By night of this day, May 23, 1856, the men camped near Dutch

Henry's Crossing, and the whole of the next day they lay in hiding. Night was the time for the deed, so that none might escape. At ten o'clock on the night of the 24th Brown and his men were at the Doyle cabin: Doyle and his two sons were taken a short distance from the cabin and there killed. Then the Wilkinson cabin was visited and Wilkinson, who was a member of the pro-slavery legislature, met a like sudden, silent and helpless fate. The last victim was William Sherman found at a neighbor's house. All this killing was done quietly. The victims were cut down, not shot down. And the bodies, when discovered, were horribly mutilated. No one of the party ever admitted having dealt one of the death blows: this one and that one testified as to the guilt of others, but none to his own guilt. John Brown, himself made a point of insisting that he had no share in the actual killing. It appears that two of the party, Owen and Frederick Brown, were revolted by the night's work. Jason Brown was horrified when the news reached him. And John Brown, Jr., did not approve of the deed, losing his mind temporarily, two nights later, under the weight of the tragedy. When Brown and his men returned the night after that night of terror to the original

camp, Jason says that he told his father: "I think it was an uncalled for, wicked act." The father replied: "God is my judge. It was absolutely necessary as a measure of self-defense, and for the defense of others."

The judgment of men did not wait upon the judgment of God. Across the border, there was of course a storm of execration: and here, indeed, was a free state outrage to which the pro-slavery crowd could point with horror when their own crimes were denounced. The Lawrence raid was nothing to compare with the Pottawatomie massacre. There had been no lives taken at Lawrence; there was no pro-slavery crime to place fitly beside the cold, deliberate murders that "Old Brown" had directed. And on the free state side, Brown was judged with hardly less severity. No Kansas settler wished to be marked with the blood of the Pottawatomie victims. Three days after the event, a meeting of Brown's own neighbors at Osawatomie strongly declared its protest, though mentioning no one by name, referring to the outrage as the work of "some midnight assassins unknown." Yet with word of the deed there had been word of its authors, and it was instantly and widely published that Brown had led the avenging party. This Osa-

watomie meeting also resolved "to prevent a recurrence of a similar tragedy and to ferret out and hand over to the criminal authorities the perpetrators for punishment."

As the companies that had started for Lawrence returned southward they found the road lined with men watching for Brown. Rev. S. L. Adair, of Osawatomie, brother of Brown's half-sister, at first refused to shelter Jason Brown and John Brown, Jr., when they came in the night to the Adair cabin. Only when the two men declared they had not been on the Pottawatomie that bloody night, were they admitted and even then, their uncle told them, it was dangerous to harbor them in view of the state of public opinion. If there were those who approved of the deed, they remained discreetly and fearfully silent or joined for policy's sake in the general outcry. Many held such an opinion, says one settler, but "policy dictated that the deed should be disavowed as having general disapproval." On the other hand, the Eastern abolitionist press reported the deed to have been more directly provoked than was the fact: the common belief was that the murders had followed the rescue of a free state settler from a hanging party.

Other results of that night's

work are not in doubt. It served as a war cry rather than as a warning. If John Brown's object was self-defense—to put a stop to the attacks upon free state settlers—he entirely failed to achieve that desideratum. But if, as others claimed, it was his purpose to bring matters to a bold and bloody issue, he had his wish gratified speedily and fully. Violence increased and there was a new and worse reign of terror. There were assassinations, raids, alarms and threats of redoubled fierceness. War descended upon Brown's own neighborhood, that summer witnessing the burning and looting of Osawatimie. And other settlements paid a similar penalty.

As for Brown and his men, they immediately took to the bush. Now they were really outlaws, and Brown was wholly a border chieftain. They lived on the country in warlike fashion, raiding as freely as had the pro-slavery bands, taking horses, arms, food and clothing where they could. Three settlers joined the party shortly after it had been driven into hiding, and in reprisal the cabin of one of the settlers was burned and his cattle stolen. A fourth settler came to Brown with word of a company of Missourians that was in search of him, and this man offered to guide the band to the camp of the Missourians. They

went north, safely passing in the night a detachment of United States troops by the simple, bold reply, when challenged, that they were a party *en route* for Lawrence. These troops were supposedly in search of Brown.

Again in camp, Brown was visited by two settlers, one the captain of a volunteer company, who reported to him various pro-slavery outrages and requested his assistance. It being learned that the Missourians, under Captain Pate, were in the vicinity of Black Jack, it was agreed that, with such men as could be raised by the Kansas captain (Shore), Brown and his followers would attack the invaders. At Prairie City, near Black Jack, volunteers were readily found, stirred by the capture of a preacher who was held by Pate's men. In the battle that followed, lasting several hours, most of these volunteers quickly withdrew, and in the end Brown was left with nine men to face Pate with twenty-three men. After Brown had won this skirmish, and Pate had surrendered despite his superior numbers, a large party of free state men appeared on the scene. They not only plundered the Missourians' camp, says John Brown, but helped themselves to the "private effects" of the latter's own men, leaving them "much poorer than before the battle."

Several days later, Brown's company, then "about one hundred and fifty men," and in a warlike camp" situated on a small island and entrenched," was dispersed by United States soldiers; but not, however, until Brown had endeavored to arrange terms with Major Sedgwick, commanding, as if indeed his band of border warriors were a recognized military force. Naturally, Major Sedgwick declared he could make no terms with outlaws. The Missouri prisoners were freed, and the island camp was at once abandoned. Although there was with Sedgwick a United States marshal, with warrants for the arrest of Brown and others, he was afraid to serve the warrants. Much to the Major's disgust, the marshal said he recognized no one in the camp for whom he had a warrant. After Pottawatomie, Brown was evidently a man to be feared.

A month John Brown and his little band of immediate followers remained in hiding at a forest camp not far from that island encampment. But the hardships of this rude life were increased by wounds and fever which afflicted Henry Thompson, Salmon Brown and Owen Brown. It was resolved to get the invalids out of the state: and, in fact, Thompson and two of Brown's sons, Owen and Oliver, were sick of their Kansas experi-

ence and especially of that unforgettable night's work on the Pottawatomie. They longed to see far-removed and peaceful skies. Brown did not object to their decision. He turned his party northward, himself on business bent in Topeka, where the free state legislature was soon to meet and where trouble was expected. Going boldly through Lawrence, he told the correspondent of the *New York Tribune* that it was his purpose to be ready for what might befall at Topeka. He had no opportunity to fight, however, for as his men reached the edge of Topeka, they heard the bugles of Colonel Sumner's federal soldiers, on hand to disperse the legislature. They went on to the Nebraska line. And here John Brown set his face once more toward Kansas, where there was yet some fighting for him to do. At Nebraska City he found a caravan of Eastern emigrants under the leadership of "Jim" Lane, who had blazed a new trail to Kansas through Iowa and Nebraska, the Missouri route then being unsafe.

"Old Capt. Brown can now be raised from every prairie and thicket," Jason Brown wrote to his sister Ruth in August of this year. Rumor placed John Brown at the head of every free state raid. And pro-slavery meetings rapidly broke up at the news that "Old Brown"

was coming. There was fighting after John Brown's heart, though he was not so ubiquitous as report insisted. A pro-slavery settlement near Osawatomie had been wiped out; the town of Franklin, near Lawrence, had been raided (the second time); at "Fort" Washington, near Lawrence, and again at "Fort" Titus, free state bodies conducted successful attacks. When Captain Walker returned to Lawrence from the fight at "Fort" Titus, with Colonel Titus as his prisoner, John Brown was one of the leaders of the public opinion which demanded that Titus should be hung. But Walker, with three hundred men back of him, protected his prisoner.

Not long after this Lawrence episode, Brown returned to Osawatomie with a force of thirty or forty men. There was rumor that the Missourians were preparing to invade the country around Osawatomie. Meanwhile, Brown led several raids, accomplishing the double purpose of frightening away the enemy and capturing spoils of war in the shape of clothing and cattle. With Brown's men was another force under Captain Cline. Returning from these raids to Osawatomie on the evening of August 29, they met a party from Lawrence which brought the news of a threatened invasion from Missouri under the leadership of

Atchison. It was agreed to go the next day to the succor of Lawrence. The night was spent in Osawatomie. Early the following morning the town was attacked by two hundred and fifty Missourians, led by a Mexican War veteran, General Reid. The first man to fall in this battle—instantly killed—was Frederick Brown. He was shot by Rev. Martin White—the same man who, on the Browns' first arrival in Kansas, had stopped at their little settlement, with a band from Missouri, and belligerently, as was the custom, inquired their sympathies. Across the river from Osawatomie was Brown's camp, and there a boy hastened with news of the raid. Cline's men, in the town, gave short battle; but Brown and his men, along the river, fought stoutly, although subjected to fire from a cannon as well as the smaller arms in the much larger pro-slavery force. Altogether there were only about forty men in the defending force. Yet the defenders were at length forced to retreat, wading the river under fire, and one of the men later described John Brown's appearance on this occasion—"a queer figure, in a broad straw hat and a white linen duster, his old coat tails floating outspread upon the water and a revolver held high in each hand, over his head."

If there were few who dared to speak in behalf of John Brown after Pottawatomie, he was a hero after Osawatomie; and during this summer of fighting, his name had been more and more admiringly on men's lips. When he came into Lawrence on September 7, the ovation that greeted him was "as great as if the President had come to town, but John Brown seemed not to hear it and paid not the slightest attention." He was not a warrior for glory's but for conscience's sake. Outweighing public applause was his private joy at being reunited with his son, John Brown, Jr., now free and mentally recovered after having been a prisoner all the summer.

At Lawrence, John Brown entered a tense and troubled atmosphere. The Missourians, who had retired across the border, were correctly reported to be gathering a greater force with the object of marching upon Lawrence. As when Sheriff Jones and his men were camped on the Wakarusa, so now John Brown went about among the men, giving them stern, soldierly counsel: and, as "Osawatomie Brown," he spoke with tenfold power of reputation. The invasion from Missouri came not far behind the warning of it: a quite formidable army of twenty-seven hundred men. On this occasion, there was not a Governor

Shannon to weakly face them or to lend a lawful pretense to their operations. Governor Geary had recently arrived upon the scene, and that official quite promptly brought the federal troops to Lawrence and saved the town. And it was due to Geary that order and peace were generally restored throughout the territory, and a firm hand set against lawlessness on both sides.

There was nothing now to keep John Brown in Kansas: but, as an outlaw, it was prudent for him to depart from the scene, which was becoming at once too peaceful and too perilous for him. The Brown households at Osawatomie had been completely destroyed by the invaders. So John Brown, with three sons who were left by his side—John, Jason and Owen—turned again toward the East, after a year that had given him frequent and exciting opportunities for a hand-to-hand struggle against slavery. On his way out of Kansas, near the Nebraska line, he narrowly missed falling into the hands of United States troops.

John Brown spent a year in the East, chiefly engaged in the business of raising money, arms and clothing for the maintenance of war in Kansas: and there were many prominent abolitionists in the East who were, equally with Brown, disgusted with the present

peace on the border, which they regarded as a betrayal of the ultimate object of freedom. By public and private appeals, Brown succeeded in raising somewhat more than two thousand dollars: and from the Massachusetts Kansas Committee he obtained the right to the use of arms and ammunition stored in Tabor, Iowa, with Kansas as their destination. However, Brown was thinking more and more intently of Harper's Ferry: and, although he returned to Kansas in November, 1857, he was in the territory less than a month. On this brief visit, he enlisted six men (John E. Cook, Richard Realf, Luke F. Parsons, Aaron D. Stevens, Charles W. Moffett and John H. Kagi) for the Harper's Ferry conspiracy. At Tabor, Iowa, these men found Owen Brown, C. P. Tidd, W. M. Leeman and Richard Richardson (a fugitive slave from Missouri), and it was here that Cook, Realf and Parsons first were informed that they were to operate in Virginia, an announcement which caused some debate.

It was Brown's plan to take his recruits to Ohio, there to spend the winter in drilling for the hazardous enterprise. Unable to dispose of his teams and wagons except to trade them for board for his men, Brown decided that they should hibernate at Springdale, a

village obscure and quiet enough for their purpose. He went on to the East, intent upon securing more assistance and letting certain men of influence, who had backed him for war in Kansas, know his real designs for activity in a quite different field. He had no thought of returning to Kansas, but circumstances forced him to appear again on that stage, and in no less dramatic a fashion than before. He won his Eastern friends to his new plans (new to them but cherished by Brown before the Kansas days); but an adventurer, Hugh Forbes, in whom he had previously confided and who had fallen out with the scheme, made such talk of the conspiracy that Brown's friends insisted he should return to Kansas, there apparently to resume his role of border chieftain. And in June, 1858, he was once more in Kansas, but now under the name of Shubel Morgan.

It was a peaceful Kansas to which Brown returned, save in the Fort Scott district, in Linn and Bourbon counties, where there was a free state chieftain—James Montgomery—of Brown's own spectacular and ruthless type. And it was in this district that a proslavery massacre, perhaps intentionally a parallel to the Pottawatomie massacre, had occurred in the month before the protagonist

of Pottawatomie reappeared. A Georgian, Charles A. Hamilton, had led a band across the border from Missouri and seized eleven defenseless settlers, "on their wagons, in the fields, or in their homes," ranged them against the wall of a ravine and coolly ordered his men to shoot them down. One of the men escaped, un wounded; five were but wounded, recovering; five—the very number that had fallen on the Pottawatomie—were killed. It was close to the scene of this massacre, on a hill half a mile from the Missouri line, a spot for observation as well as fortification, that Brown and a small body of men were encamped in rude warlike style. Here there was, for the most part, a quiet camp life. There was a short surveying trip into Missouri, when they passed the home of Martin White, the slayer of Frederick Brown; but John Brown would not consent to the suggestion of revenge. During the month of August, Brown was ill with ague at the Adairs in Osawatomie. He was in Lawrence frequently in the autumn. There was a futile and not very brave attempt to capture him early in December, the unsuspecting prey, however, being absent; Brown's and Montgomery's men easily drove off the sheriff and his posse without recourse to fighting—the names of Brown and

Montgomery appear to have been sufficient for the purpose.

It was late in December that Brown gave Kansas another thrill. A runaway slave from nearby in Missouri brought the news that he, his wife and babies were to be sold. He begged for help, and John Brown was not the man to refuse. He quickly assembled a party, invaded Missouri on the night of December 20 and carried off the slaves, taking property which he said belonged to the latter. While they were about it, five more slaves were rescued from another farm. An attempt made by Aaron D. Stevens, leading a separate few of the party, to carry off a slave at still another house was successful but fatal. The owner, an old man, was shot by Stevens while supposedly resisting this assault upon his property.

This was the cue for Brown's exit from Kansas, although he stayed a month near the southeastern border, finding refuge for his blacks among the friendly settlers. He was, indeed, ready to fight, but was persuaded by peaceful advice; and in the latter part of January he was on his way north with his men and the rescued slaves. Surprisingly enough, he travelled safely across the state, though his boldness was characteristic. At Spring Creek, near Holton, he found an apparently im-

passable ford, and, across the creek, a posse from Atchison waiting for him. Word was sent to Topeka, where (it being a Sunday) a free state party hurriedly left a church to go to Brown's assistance. When these reinforcements arrived, Brown, although still outnumbered four to one, and despite the high water, led the charge across the creek and put his would-be captors to comic flight.

Safely out of Kansas, through Nebraska and Iowa, John Brown led this expedition of escaping slaves. At West Liberty, Iowa, the Negroes were placed in a freight car, engaged by Josiah B. Grinnell, but for which the superintendent of the railroad declined

to be paid, as "we might be held for the value of every one of those niggers." In Chicago, Allen Pinkerton, roused from his bed at half-past four in the morning, found refuge for the party, raised the money for a car to Detroit and that afternoon the fugitives were on the last lap to freedom. The next day, March 12, John Brown saw the Negroes cross from Detroit into Canada, after having "brought them safely eleven hundred miles in eighty-two days from the date of their liberation, six hundred miles of which had been covered in wagons in the dead of winter." John Brown's farewell to Kansas had indeed been dramatic, daring and wholly triumphant.

III. HARPER'S FERRY

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At Chatham, County of Kent, Canada, on May 8 of the year 1858, a new government of free men, white and black, was planned. It was planned secretly, solemnly and by a very small number. There were present twelve white men and thirty-four Negroes. This was a constitutional convention, lacking nothing in formality and extreme resolve and making up in spirit for what it lacked in numbers. The government for whose orderly guidance a constitution was to be drawn was to be suddenly proclaimed and forcibly established—and an oppressed race led to take arms and protection and citizenship under its banner—by a band of perhaps twenty-five, perhaps fifty men. It was to be established in the system of mountains that traversed the southern and eastern part of the United States. There was to be an army—a small one, as we have seen, to begin with, but its numbers rapidly augmented by slaves eager to make a stand for liberty; there were to be duly constituted courts, a congress, a president and his cabinet; and there were to be schools and churches. John Brown, late of Kansas, was chosen to be Commander-in-Chief, John H. Kagi,

hailing from the same troubled border, to be Secretary of War—and so on, with complete ceremony, with absolute assurance. There being no one at that time willing to assume the office of president, a committee of fifteen, headed by John Brown, was delegated to agree upon a man. This governmental and social program was to be realized by fugitive and scattered bands in the southern mountains, carrying on a guerilla warfare, with uncertain equipment and subsistence, in the heart of a hostile country, in opposition to a widespread and firmly rooted institution, and in defiance of the forces of the United States Government. But at least one man was unvexed by doubts, serenely and supremely hopeful, being concerned only to get the minimum means for striking the first blow and raising the simple, electrifying standard of revolt in the cause of freedom.

"John Brown expected," said Richard Realf, an early recruit who reconsidered and dropped out of the conspiracy, "that all the free Negroes in the Northern States would immediately flock to his standard. He expected that all the slaves in the Southern States would do the same. He believed,

too, that as many of the free Negroes in Canada as could accompany him, would do so. . . ." Thus did John Brown embark, in the spirit of a bold and immense dream, upon what he called "by far the most important undertaking of my whole life." The shepherd-warrior, the border chieftain, was to be a liberator on a large scale and the leader of a mountain war quite in the tradition of embattled minorities. To the hills, oh gladiators!

One wonders little that this conspiracy was not very urgently considered by men in high places—by such men as William H. Seward and Senator Wilson of Massachusetts—when they received word of it from one Hugh Forbes, an adventurer, fencing master and ex-soldier of Garibaldi's, who had fallen in and then out with Brown. A strange tale it was—one to cause mild marvel rather than weighty and persistent misgivings—and it produced just enough talk and inquiry to send Brown once more to Kansas, to confirm the impression that he was still interested in that quarter of the horizon.

Yet for all its strangeness, the tale was not an idle one. And backing John Brown, as they had backed him in Kansas, were serious and responsible men, men of some fortune and greater prestige. These men were Theodore Parker

and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, both of them clergymen and scholars; Dr. Samuel G. Howe, a physician, and George L. Stearns, a prosperous merchant, of Boston; Frank B. Sanborn, a young schoolmaster of Concord, Mass.; Gerrit Smith, philanthropist and politician, who had sat in Congress and had run for Governor of New York in 1858. If these men were not so utterly hopeful as John Brown, they were nevertheless willing to aid him to "carry the war into Africa." They were influenced by the man himself as well as by their own predilections of belief. There were some doubts, but they were brushed aside. At a talk far into the night at the home of Gerrit Smith, Brown outlined his plan (excepting only the precise point of attack) to Smith and Sanborn, they "proposing objections and raising difficulties; but nothing could shake the purpose of the old Puritan." His faith was quite simple, earnest rather than logical: God was for them and the righteous would not be forsaken. However ill-judged the venture, declared Sanborn, Brown's friends felt that they could not let him go alone to his ruin. John Brown alone, of the men who aided him and the men who marched silently by his side at the last, had the faith of a child in the success of the conspiracy.

The scene shifts: from Canada to Maryland, from Chatham and the constitutional convention to Kennedy Farm, five miles out of Harper's Ferry, and the preparation for war. The Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of War are at the front. There is one misfortune. Summer flies before the army is ready to take the field—and summer, in these Maryland and Virginia mountains, is of all times the time for such work. But there have been conferences and delays and war has perforce waited upon the indispensable sinews of war. And it is not until the beginning of July that John Brown, with his two sons Owen and Oliver, proceeds to the front, where Kagi has been before them, in solitary camp at Chambersburg, Pa. Although Kagi meets the three at Harper's Ferry, he returns to Chambersburg: he has lived at Harper's Ferry and is too well known there. John E. Cook has been at the Ferry throughout the summer, innocently employed as lock-tender at the canal, but more intent upon taking the measure of the enemy and his fortifications. John Brown, Jr., in Ohio, has been left in charge of the forwarding of supplies—that is, of arms and men-at-arms. John Brown and his advance guard are at the battle front. Good haters of slavery are

on the job at headquarters in Massachusetts.

Brown and his men, under the disguise of I. Smith & Sons, pretended to be looking for a suitable farm, to buy or rent, giving out that they were in the business of cattle-buying. There were some who suspected that their real object was to prospect for minerals, which must have helped to explain whatever appeared strange and secret in their movements. As the Kennedy farmhouse (the farm had been rented, for thirty-five dollars, until March 1, 1860), was close to the road and the neighbors were too neighborly, Brown at once decided that there must be women at the farm; so Oliver returned to North Elba, N. Y., for his wife, Martha, and his sister, Annie, with whom came also Watson Brown. The women—girls indeed they were, Martha seventeen and Annie sixteen—not only made the scene properly domestic, but Annie served as lookout, after the raiders had begun to foregather; and, upon the approach of a neighbor, she warned the men, who hastened to hide in the loft of the farmhouse, often being interrupted in the middle of a meal, and silently and quickly carrying the meal, dishes and all, in the tablecloth to their upstairs retreat. The men drifted in by twos and threes throughout the months of August

and September, but there were defections and only twenty-one men in all followed John Brown in the raid. One of those who withdrew at the last minute was Frederick Douglass, the colored orator. He drew back when he was told the United States arsenal was to be attacked.

The summer passed without active operations. It was devoted to the accumulation of supplies, which came by rail to Chambersburg and were taken by wagon to Kennedy Farm. Among these supplies was a shipment of a thousand pikes, made by a blacksmith in Connecticut, which Brown planned to distribute among the slaves whom he expected would join him. These boxes, with their deadly freight, caused inquiries from a neighbor, to whom Annie Brown explained that her mother, who was coming on later, was very particular and would allow no one else to unpack her household goods. The frequent trips to and from Chambersburg gave rise to not a little curiosity, as well they might, but fortunately there was never any real suspicion or inquiry of their business. Yet, for a conspiracy, the business was known very well indeed in a number of places and by a number of persons; not only had Brown himself talked with many, but from Kennedy Farm his men wrote quite freely in

their letters of the adventure that confronted them. The real protection against publicity, however, was the incredible character of the conspiracy. John B. Floyd, the Secretary of War, did receive an anonymous communication, warning him of what was afoot. But not only was he misled by mention of an armory "in Maryland," but he thought that "a scheme of such wickedness and outrage could not be entertained by any citizens of the United States." This warning, it transpired some years later, was sent by friends of Brown in Iowa, who wished to save him from his folly. They reasoned that the force at Harper's Ferry would be strengthened and that Brown, observing this plain indication of discovery, would abandon his enterprise.

For most of the men at Kennedy Farm, who had been active on the Kansas border, who were vigorous and full of life, this confinement was worse than any peril. They endured it, as they endured all hazards and death plainly foreseen, for the sake of an ideal of freedom. Outlaws in fact, they were martyrs in spirit. They were not upheld by any hope of victory. Not one of John Brown's twenty-one men believed with him that they were entering upon a triumphant crusade. They went to their death and knew it. Yet they

were cheerful, though serious, while waiting for the fateful hour to strike. They sang, played cards and checkers, told tales—tales of bold action, no doubt—and engaged in many debates. Sometimes a debate “would commence between two in the dining room, then others would join, those who were upstairs coming down into the room to listen or take a part, some sitting on the stairs ready to jump and run back out of sight, if the danger signal was given that some one was approaching.” During a storm, the men would find relief from their enforced quiet by much jumping and shouting.

On Sunday night, October 16, John Brown uttered his brief command and all but three of his men, who were left on guard at Kennedy Farm, began the march to Harper’s Ferry. For a sudden dash upon a small and unsuspecting force, a few hours’ quick work, and a hasty flight, they were fairly prepared. For what lay before them, they were not so well prepared. Besides their own simple arms and clothing, there was only a wagon containing a handful of pikes and fagots, a sledge-hammer and a crowbar. They did not clearly know what they were to do. They knew where they were to be stationed in the town, and that was all—while, in thus separating his men, the Commander-

in-Chief committed but one of several blunders. There was no plan of retreat, orderly or otherwise, either as to place or hour. And the way of retreat, across the river and to the farmhouse, was not safely assured. The purpose of this planless attack was equally vague. An alarm, a rallying of slaves and flight to the hills—and back of all, no doubt, the thought of a sharp, significant drama—such was the poorly defined scope of this enterprise at its outset. Yet there were few slaves, no typical Southern plantations, around Harper’s Ferry, while the town itself was largely inhabited by well-satisfied government employes. The slaves in this district were mostly of the order of domestics, the least burdened and most contented of the victims of slavery, and the very last type to be thought of as recruits to a slave uprising. So John Brown and his men marched blindly upon a fatal mission that would have been more or less futile in any case.

Harper’s Ferry was a natural trap for a small, beleaguered body. It was situated on a little peninsula formed by the meeting of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, and at the foot of a steep hill; the shops of the armory were to the right of Brown’s men as they crossed the Potomac from the Maryland side, while to their left

were the buildings in which finished arms were stored; and half a mile beyond these latter buildings, on the bank of the Shenandoah, were the rifle works. Thus at the beginning the too small force was divided by four—three men at the Maryland bridge, two men at the arsenal store buildings, three men at the rifle works and two men, with John Brown, holding the armory shops; while six men were despatched into the country beyond the heights overlooking the town.

The immediate tragedy was one of time. It was delay that made disaster irreparable. At first, there was all too easy work. There were only civilian workmen at the government works, and these works were but nominally guarded. Here was a peaceful, isolated town, not dreaming of attack. The watchman at the bridge was easily surprised, at first regarding the matter as a joke. The single guard at the armory gate would not surrender the key, and the crowbar was used to make an entrance. The three divisions of the arsenal were quickly seized, a few prisoners were brought in from the streets, and then Brown sent a detachment under Stevens upon a dramatic errand, to the country place of Colonel Lewis W. Washington, a great-grandnephew of George Washington. Cook had told Brown

of two historic relics at the Washington place—a pistol that had been given to George Washington by Lafayette and a sword which tradition said had been a present to the Father of his Country from Frederick the Great. It was Brown's special instruction that Colonel Washington be made to deliver this sword into the hands of O. P. Anderson, a Negro follower. Colonel Washington was taken prisoner, escorted politely in his carriage, and his slaves were taken along in the Colonel's farm wagon. On the way back to the Ferry, another country gentleman and his son were seized and their six slaves accorded the status of freemen and soldiers in John Brown's army. As this party alighted at the armory, Stevens introduced the Commander-in-Chief. "This is John Brown," he said. "Osawatomie Brown of Kansas," added Brown.

At 1:25 an eastbound train of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad arrived at the Ferry. A night watchman who had been slightly wounded when attempting to go on duty at the bridge ran to inform the conductor of the amazing events. This train remained until daylight although Brown sent word to the conductor at three o'clock that he might proceed. The single tragedy of the night, curiously and ironically enough, was the killing

of a free Negro, the baggage man at the Ferry station. Looking for the night watchman, and not understanding the order to halt, he was shot by the men on the bridge. When the train moved on toward Baltimore at daybreak, Brown must have known that word of his raid would speedily go forth. He explained later that he permitted the train to go on with the object of reassuring the citizens of Harper's Ferry: he meant only to liberate the slaves, as peaceably as possible. He stated, too, that his delay in leaving the town was caused by his solicitude for his prisoners, which is hardly comprehensible. These men were in greater danger from Brown's stay, while his departure would have instantly freed them. Kagi, in command at the rifle works, sent Brown urgent messages through the morning of the 17th, begging him to begin the retreat. There was no further object for delay—simple caution cried against it—but Brown did not move. Perhaps he thought the slaves of the countryside would yet flock to his standard.

In the meantime, while word had reached Baltimore of the raid and both Washington and Richmond knew of it, a physician of Harper's Ferry had sent the alarm to Charlestown, only eight miles distant. And by noon of Monday two companies, one of the militia

and one of citizen volunteers, arrived on the scene, and the trap began to close. The militia company, crossing the Potomac above the town, entered by the Maryland bridge, dislodging Brown's small force at that point and depriving the raiders of their best means of flight. A party of the volunteers placed itself on the hillside, from which it could fire into the armory. A shot from the hillside killed Dangerfield Newby, a colored follower of Brown; thus the first to fall, on each side, was a Negro. The citizens of Harper's Ferry were now in possession of arms. Both bridges were closed. And Brown began to think of escape. William Thompson was sent from the armory shops with a flag of truce, and was at once captured. Stevens and Watson Brown followed him on the same errand; Stevens was badly and Watson Brown mortally wounded, the latter managing to crawl back to the engine house to which the raiders had been driven. Leeman, a raider, was killed on an islet of the Potomac; he had attempted to swim to safety. A farmer, George W. Turner, was killed as he came into the town. Mayor Beckham of Harper's Ferry was killed by Edwin Coppoc, as the former was peering from behind the water tank. The death of the mayor led to the death of the captive Thomp-

son at the hands of two members of a party of inflamed citizens. One of Thompson's killers was the son of Andrew Hunter, special prosecutor for the state of Virginia in the trial of John Brown.

The trap closed more tightly. A volunteer company from Martinsburg arrived late in the afternoon, assailing the armory works from the rear, cutting off Brown's last way of escape, and there were some minutes of close fighting. In the evening a company from Winchester was added to the now besieging force, while five companies of Baltimore militia were on hand by Monday night, ready to enter the town in the morning. In the middle of the afternoon, Kagi and his two men had been driven from the rifle works, Kagi being instantly killed and Leary, a colored man, fatally wounded as they were swimming for a rock in the Shenandoah; the other man, Copeland, was taken prisoner. Brown tried repeatedly to make terms, asking that his men be left free to depart, taking their prisoners just beyond the Potomac bridge, as hostages, where they would be released. But negotiations were now futile. John Brown and his men were helplessly and hopelessly caught. Indeed, it is plain that the force of the besiegers on Monday evening was great enough to rush the engine house and end the tragedy. With

the arrival of the military, this was quickly and easily done. Marines came Monday night, and also Colonel Robert E. Lee and Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart to assume command of the situation.

Early on Tuesday morning Lieutenant Stuart demanded the surrender of the men at bay in the engine house. Even then, John Brown refused, though there could have been no slightest doubt of his imminent fate. The marines, under command of Lieutenant Isaac Green, advanced upon the engine house, using a ladder as a battering ram, and it was all over within a few minutes. Two of the raiders, Jeremiah Anderson and Dauphin Thompson, were killed in this last brief struggle. As for John Brown, he had the strangest good fortune of his career. It had happened that Lieutenant Green, suddenly ordered on this mission and not knowing its purpose, had armed himself with only a light dress sword. And when he struck Brown with this sword, the weapon bent; and, though Green beat his man about the head, painfully cutting him and bringing him to the floor, Brown's life was spared—and his voice and pen were spared, so that with them he might make history. John Brown at Harper's Ferry did not make history. It was John Brown in prison, in court and on the gallows who became a historic

figure. It proved to be the man's spirit, not his bloody and bungling sword, that was to plead most potently for his cause.

Of the men who were imprisoned in the Harper's Ferry trap, only two—Hazlett and O. P. Anderson—escaped. They left probably Monday night, Anderson writing later that they had hidden above the town for several hours, then found an old boat in which they crossed the Potomac. Hazlett was caught soon afterward, when he exposed himself in search of food, as was also John E. Cook. Cook and five other raiders had been on the Maryland side during Monday, removing arms to a schoolhouse, and with them were a number of liberated Negroes. Monday night the Negroes deserted them, and early Tuesday morning the raiders took to the hills; among them was Owen Brown. Oliver Brown had died in the engine house Monday night. Watson Brown died on Tuesday. The men captured, besides Brown, were A. D. Stevens, Edwin Coppoc, John A. Copeland and Shields Green—the latter two being Negroes. John Brown was taken to the office of the armory paymaster where, as he lay beside Stevens, he was interviewed by the authorities. Aside from reporters, there were present at the interview Governor Wise of Virginia, Colonel Lee, Lieutenant

Stuart, Senator Mason of Virginia, Congressman Faulkner of Virginia, Congressman Vallandigham of Ohio, and Andrew Hunter. John Brown uttered no word of personal animosity, nor of blame for any one but himself for the disaster to his men; but his spirit was unbeaten and he stoutly defended his cause. He refused to answer question that would implicate others—he assumed the whole responsibility—but, cautious as he was in speech, he was less careful in another respect: at the Kennedy Farm were found four hundred letters, relating to the conspiracy, that Brown had saved; so that, had he been fortunate enough to escape to the hills, his plans would have been in the hands of the enemy.

On Wednesday morning, October 19, John Brown and his comrades were taken to the prison at Charlestown—and John Brown's soul began its march.

"He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw cut and thrust and bleeding and in bonds. . . . He is the gamest man I ever saw. . . ." Thus spoke Governor Wise of John Brown. Brown's supporters at the North were not so game—all but two of them. Douglass and Sanborn were quickly on their way to Canada, Dr. Howe and Gerrit Smith denied knowledge of the conspiracy, and only Theodore

Parker and Thomas Wentworth Higginson boldly acknowledged that Harper's Ferry was no surprise to them. Parker, travelling in Europe for his health, declared that "Such 'insurrections' will continue as long as Slavery lasts. . . ." Higginson did not stir from his Worcester home. Although there was much outcry for the discovery and punishment of Brown's accomplices in the North, and there was an attempt to arrest Sanborn (who had returned to Concord) and bring him before the Mason Committee in Washington, Higginson put the matter shrewdly: "Mason does not wish to have John Brown heartily defended before the committee and the country. . . ."

From prison John Brown was defending himself better than any others could defend him. The letters that he was allowed to write freely to relatives and friends were more effective than a thousand swords, and Brown himself, who had scorned mere talk, realized that in the pen he had the mightiest of weapons, after all. He clearly understood his situation now. His vision was complete. "I am worth more to die than to live," he said. He was angry when friends in Ohio deluged his attorneys with evidence of insanity in his family—evidence undoubtedly as true as it was remarkable. But John Brown himself was quite

sane, fanatic obsessed by one idea though he was; and he did not intend that the lesson of his life and death should be undone by the plea of insanity.

So stirred was the whole North by John Brown's letters, by the minute and exhaustive newspaper accounts of his life in prison, by the spectacle of this old man lying wounded on his cot in prison and in courtroom, that John Brown could well thank fortune that Lieutenant Green's sword had been light. And if he had any doubts as to his victory of the spirit, of the place he would have in history—which doubts he had not—he would have been reassured by the words of such men as Emerson, Thoreau and Wendell Phillips. At the South, mingled with the bitter denunciation of Brown was the relieving fact, which was sufficiently pointed out, that the slaves had not risen to follow him. The handful of frightened Negroes that were gathered at Harper's Ferry returned gladly to their masters as soon as possible. But these now were minor matters to John Brown, with eyes on history. He was victorious in a way that he had not dreamed.

There were many foolish threats of a descent upon Virginia to rescue Brown. There was talk among his friends of an attempt to get him away, but John Brown

would not hear of it. That, too, would destroy his greatest, his last, opportunity. He was not only ready but quietly determined to die. He set an even higher value upon the work of the gallows than did Governor Wise. As for the Governor, his alarm was so great that he quickly surrounded Charlestown with soldiers, until it was a veritable armed camp. Virginia was more fearful of John Brown a prisoner than it had been of John Brown a free man with arms in his hands. Fifteen hundred soldiers faced the gallows, on that December day, to see that he was safely hanged. And in these solemn ranks were "Stonewall" Jackson, Robert E. Lee and John Wilkes Booth.

John Brown was speedily brought to trial, just a week after the last stand in the engine house at Harper's Ferry. This promptitude was in obedience to the ordinary criminal law of Virginia, had it not been counselled by the fears of Governor Wise and the alarmed state of public opinion. The trial itself was fair and singularly free from any spirit of passion or expressed revenge, as well it might be, for John Brown's guilt, in the eyes of the law, was plain enough. Two able Virginia lawyers were appointed by the court to defend him, which they appear to have done sincerely until Brown stated

his lack of confidence in them. Then they withdrew, leaving his sole defense in the hands of a young Massachusetts lawyer, a mere youth of twenty-one, George H. Hoyt. He was at once reinforced by Samuel Chilton of Washington and Hiram Griswold of Cleveland. Demanding Brown's life were Charles Harding, state's attorney, and Andrew Hunter, special prosecutor. What John Brown himself seemed most anxious to impress upon the court was his humane treatment of his prisoners; and it was true that he had shown them marked kindness, although that could not have legally minimized his offense. The killing, too, of the Negro baggage man and of Mayor Beckham had been in disobedience of Brown's orders to his men that they should fire only when absolutely necessary.

John Brown was freely permitted to speak for himself during his trial, but the high note came when he spoke in his defense on the day of sentence, November 2. He spoke with "perfect calmness of voice and mildness of manner." It was a simple, firm, bold and conscientious utterance. He declared that: "Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of

millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say, let it be done."

John Brown was hung on December 2. And as he went to meet his fate on the morning, he left a last word: "I John Brown am now quite *certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land*: will never be purged *away*; but with Blood. I had as I now *think*: vainly flattered myself that without *very much* bloodshed; it might be done." This note he handed to one who stood near. John Brown's body, delivered to his wife, was taken by friends to North Elba, N. Y., where it was buried December 8. "Marvellous old man!" declared Wendell Phillips over his grave. "He has abolished slavery in Virginia."

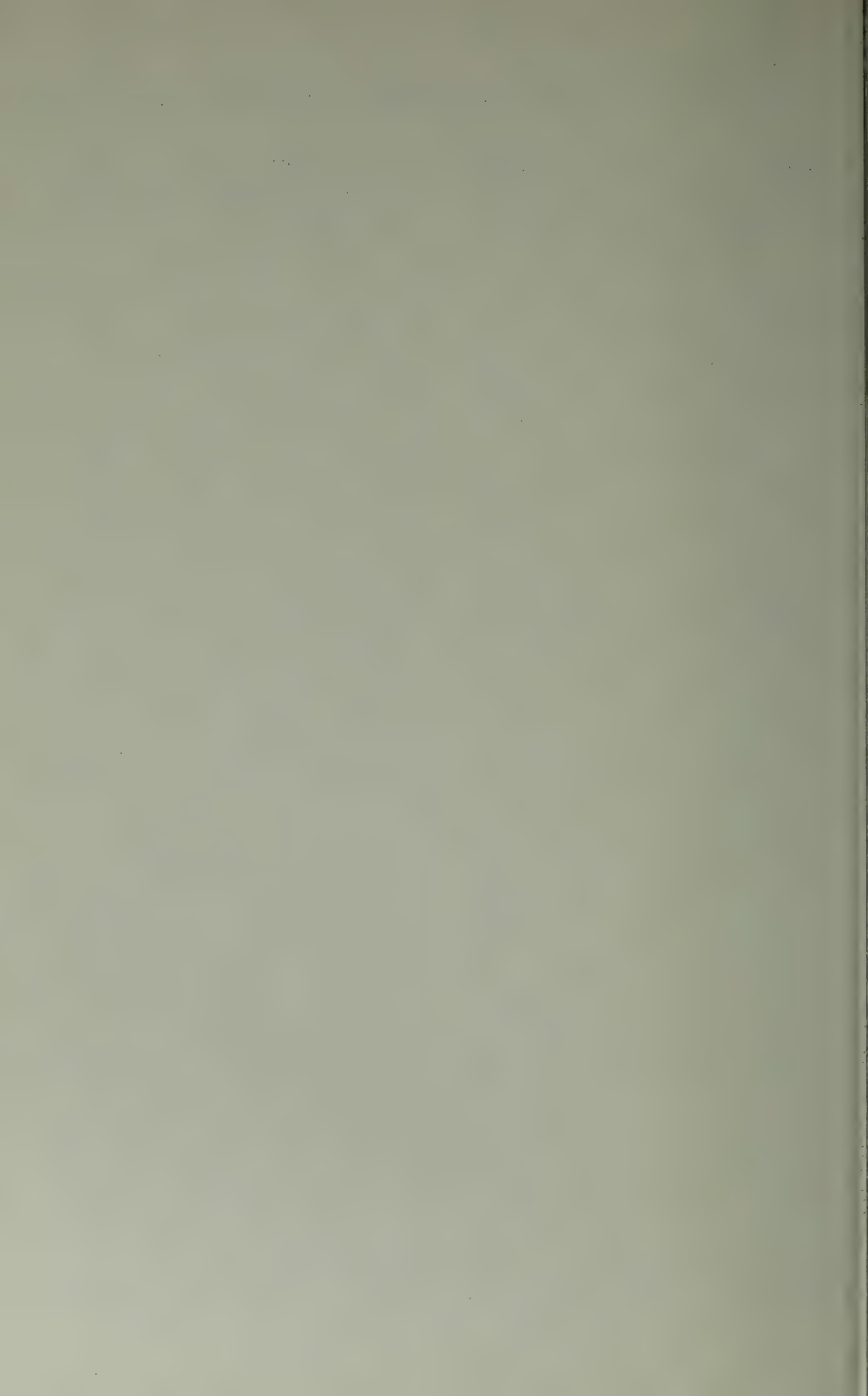
John E. Cook, Edwin Coppoc, Shields Green and John A. Copeland were hung on December 16, before friends in the North could agree upon a plan for their escape. The escape of Cook and Coppoc had indeed been arranged, Charles Lenhart, of the Kansas border, having obtained a position as a guard at the prison and the two prisoners having contrived, by means of a simple knife, a knife blade and a screw taken out of the bedstead in their cell, to make a hole in the wall and remove their shackles. But on the appointed

night, Cook's sister and his brother-in-law, Governor Willard of Indiana, were in town and, having bidden him farewell, were to leave the day following: so Cook scrupled to go because Governor Willard might be charged with complicity in his escape, and Coppoc would not go alone and destroy his comrade's hope of liberty. When they attempted to escape the next night, they found a loyal Southern guard at the prison wall.

Plans to rescue the two remaining raiders, Stevens and Hazlett went farther. Captain James Montgomery, of renown on the Kansas border, was to lead a selected group of Kansas men in the undertaking; and they were to be assisted by a group of New York Germans, refugees of the revolution of 1848. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was a leader in the plot, which he was personally to help execute. But the snow fell before they could act, and Montgomery, after a perilous trip across the mountains of Charlestown, returned to report that the plan of rescue was simply impossible. Stevens and Hazlett were hung on March 16, 1860.

Perhaps it is not inappropriate to add, as a footnote or epilogue to the Harper's Ferry tragedy, that on June 1, 1861, when secession was in full tide, ex-Governor Wise exclaimed in an address to a

gathering of Richmond citizens: ture your blades from old iron,
"Get a spear—a lance. Take a even though it be the tires of your
lesson from John Brown, manufac- cart-wheels."



WHO'S WHO IN THE SOFT AND SOAPY
| LAND OF BUNK

WHO'S WHO IN THE SOFT AND SOAPY LAND OF BUNK

Comes now *Bunkum's Bio-illogical Carbon-dioxide Circus*, of men cast wondrously in the image of the *Great God Bunk*: men who are similar but not summarily the same, each revealing a rare and common characteristic of the egregious *E Pluribus Unum Bunkovah*, *Lord of the Limburger Cheese* and the *Listerine* thereof: men of mickle minds, who can prove what isn't by saying it is—who can demonstrate to dumbly admiring audiences that white, not being red, is positively and perfectly black—who can think backward with greater certitude than others can think straight ahead, can turn intellectual somersaults without dislocating a whisker, and can blandly balance a pyramid of piffle on its apex of absurdity. These men were personally discovered by *Bunkum* himself, on a hitherto unknown and now forgotten island in the Soapific Ocean, speaking pure Americanese and claiming to be ambassadors from the planet Bunkus; living innocently on a natural diet of soft soap, and worshipping a crudely but cleverly carven idol roughly resembling the *Great God Bunk*. It was a stroke of stupendous genius for *Bunkum*

to read aloud a chapter of *Voltaire*, which by its strange use of reason quickly bored the Bunkusians and put them to sleep, thus enabling *Bunkum* to bring them successfully into captivity; and confronted with the dire alternative of learning how to think, or posing and talking for the entertainment of thoughtless crowds of natives, they chose the latter with a great shout and immediately burned a cocoanut in honor of the *Great God Bunk*, which suggested to *Bunkum* the happy thought of calling them "Nuts," by which name they are curiously and picturesquely known to this day. It is with pride that *Bunkum* personally introduces each "Nut" by a tap on the coco:

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and look carefully at the corporosity of the noblest nut and Bunkusian of them all: the man whose example led to the invention of the talking machine—who, when wound, can produce sound endlessly without the aid of human intelligence. Unoriginally, this *Bryan* was a politician B. C. (Before Civilization) who for years kept the welkin in a wild uproar, denouncing the trustified

sale of meat by the carload and pleading for the return of its exclusive rustic sale by the pound or by the carcass. Solely for the good of himself and others, he was thrust unwillingly on several occasions into eager candidacy for the highest office in Bunkland, that of Chief Bunkalorum, but he was outbunked and, bowed by the weight of misspent platitudes, he leaned on the Everlasting Arms and cried out: "I see the angels." He went up and down the land telling of his vision, which was a profitable as well as a pious vision; and, by a freak of fancy, at which men marvelled exceedingly, he denied his relation to the ape, taking pride in the accusation that man had fallen rather than climbed, and declaring that no man who had evolved beyond the bunk stage of mentality could enter the Kingdom of Heaven. It was, according to *Bryan*, what men didn't know—not what they knew—that would save them from the wrath of *Bunkovah*. Free thought he held to be dangerous, as it would lead to freedom and to thinking. He defended the theology of an early ignorant age against the biology of a modern scientific age, and held that in the ancient days when men were less informed, they were more inspired. This man praised a book called the *Bunkle* as an even greater work of wisdom than

Mother Goose, and prophesied that catastrophe would fall all over itself in annihilatory haste if ever the *Bunkle* should be debunked. Admiring the dust-operations of *Bunkovah*, the Divine Realtor, *Bryan*, finally sold his oratory to a group of dealers in real estate.

EDGAR GUEST.

This way to see the pretty little *Guest*, who has been tamed by the hand of mediocrity. A poet is he, or fain would be, twanging his lyre for an honest hire, to show how "love" will rhyme with "dove." Poetry, in the *Guest-tickle-ating* style, is highly honored in Bunkus, it being regarded as the most valuable method of concealing the inability to write prose. It is said that *Guest* received his inspiration as a poet from the tales of *Horatio Alger*, author of the "Work and Win," "Sink or Swim," "Pluck and Luck" narratives of purely puerile heroes with a good, bright, impoverished start in life. *Guest* has been called the *Alger* of verse, and his work has been loosely described as the modern *Silliad*. The social life and psychology of the Bunkusians are reflected in the rhymes of this *Guest*, who will be immortalized as the *Hokumer* of Bunkus. One learns, as one lisps his lines, that a frown leaves a woun' but that a smile will be-guile; that all love comes from above; that in the *Great God Bunk*

to have belief will soften all Bunkusian grief; that to put your shoulder to the boulder will make you a man when you are older; that faith, though blind, can see, and wish, though vain, can be; that the way to be happy is to be a nice chappie; and that always, with pointing finger, the Muse should a trite or bunkety moral adduce. We are told that *Guest* helps men to lead a better life, and his celebrated call to duty, beginning,

"Those who kill,
Another's blood do spill,"

is said to have dampened the ardor of the crime wave in Bunkus. Again, a popular legend relates that *Guest's*

"Put off sorrow
Until tomorrow"

persuaded Bunkusians to be sorry after, not before; and out of this habit grew the celebrated phrase, "the morning after."

DR. (OF DENTISTRY) HIRAM EVANS.

Behold the burlesque, manlike form of Hi-yi Evans, incipient Torquemada and tooth-puller of the Bu Blunk Blan. The sheet that enwraps him is a symbol of purity—pure bunk and bigotry, the latter quality being much esteemed in Bunkus as the best means of keeping Bunkus safe for Bunkusians. Other lands, which do not enjoy the right to life (without

thought), liberty (without freedom), and the pursuit of bunkiness, are looked down upon—often with hate or disdain or (strangely) fear—by the Bunkusians, whose patriotic motto is that "A sovereign Bunkusiān is the equal of a Bing." It is customary, in many parts of Bunkus, for *Evan's* Blunkers to wear masks, the better to see and not to be seen. A Blunker without a mask is usually as helpless as a criminal without an alibi. And no man, alone and presenting a plain face to his fellows, can match the courage of a hundred Blunkers, well-masked and sheeted and strengthened by potent potations of prejudice. The Blan is founded on the ill will that flourishes rankly among the Bunkusians and that, organized and lubricated with oil of lucre, is far more sensational and deadly than good will. Admission to the inner canebrakes and cornfields of the Blan is, in a general way, quite simple: it is only required that a Bunkusian shall hate somebody: and if that somebody is better than he, the eligibility of the would-be Blunker is most startling. The Blan is not without idealism (an eye for a deal) and, although idea-less, its I-deal is to protect the free public schools of Bunkus from all who are not Blunkers, and to make freedom scream in the schoolrooms of the land by com-

selling the study of the *Bunkle*—the Sacred Book of Bunkus—and the suppression of all knowledge that is not understandable to Blunkers and that does not conform to the *Bunkle*-enforced dogmas of the Blan. *Evans*, in his eminent double capacity, will fill a tooth or fill a sheet at the proper price.

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Move lively, folks, if you want to see the Silent Man. He is modest, and will soon retire to the grand and awful gloom of solitude back of his cage, where the silence reverberates and the wisdom that is its own wordless, extraordinary excuse for being holds itself pompously in seclusion from the audible-thinking world of Bunkus. The Silent Man is called *Cal* for short, in contradistinction to the calliope, this being the brand of humor that finds favor among the Bunkusians. Never, in a generation of gigantically unimportant Chief Bunkalorums, has one appeared who so won the hearts of the humble, horny-handed Bunkusians as *Cal*, the Silent and Ex-Officio Oracle of Bunkus: he is loved for his one hundred per cent Bunkusian simple-ness, and for his resemblance to the Bunkusian in a natural state, before the hand of the debunker (*Bunkovah* watch over all such in thy grace!) has been laid rudely upon him. A moth-

eaten manuscript, discovered in the ruins of Babble-on, throws light upon the heredity of *Cal*: he is descended, in a direct and speechless line, from the man who compiled the *Dictionary Without Words*; another ancestor, spelling his name *Culeyge*, was the builder of a philosophic system without ideas; and it was only in the past century that a *Coolidge* proposed the founding of an absolutely free country, without inhabitants. The Silent Man, as shown by words dropped inadvertently from time to time, is a firm believer in the theory that government calls for somebody to govern and to be governed—otherwise it would be impossible; he is convinced—silently but surely—that the future belongs to the past; he has been known to express his approval of the maxims, precious in the lore of Bunkus, that “The sun shines on cloudless days” and “A half-mile is half the distance of a mile”; the Silent Man is fearfully certain that Bunkus would be o’ergrown with Jimson weeds and devoured by swarms of locusts if it should depart, by so much as a thumb or a thimble, from an observance of the ways and commandments of the *Great God Bunk*.

MARY BAKER EDDY.

“Softly, softly — we now approach the grotto wherein dwells the High Priestess of Bunkian

Silence: gazing with a ghastly eye upon the Ultimate Unreality. She sees what nobody else can see, and she is blind to what everybody else can see: making exceptions, of course, of her many followers who profess to be scarce less blindly gifted with vision than this *Eddy* (separated sadly from the stream of thought) who is called *Mother* by the Bunkusians who regard her as the greatest bunk-shooter, or bunkaloress, of the bunkety ages. It is the doctrine of *Mother Eddy*, set forth in her masterpiece, *Big Bunk for Bunkusians*, that what *is not*, by a process of assertion *is*: and that what *is*, by a process of denial *is not*. This, you will observe, cannot be grasped by the ordinary mind—it must be gulped. Even in the high and refined state of bunkitude which obtains in Bunkus, many a willing-to-be-bunked Bunkusian finds difficulty in triumphing over the five mortal senses with which *Bunkovah* equipped him, and in accepting, contrary to the carnal evidence, the dogma of *Mother Eddy* that reality is the greatest illusion and that the supreme proof of a thing is that it does not exist. Nevertheless this bunkaloress (who included style and thought among the non-existent things) has devotees in considerable number in the best circles of Bunkus, it being recognized as a happy, optimistic,

irresponsibly opaque form of mental subtraction and eke distraction. One who is an *Eddyite* can, theoretically, live without food, love without sex, think without thought, hear and see and feel and taste and speak without the corresponding senses, and remain invisible to bores, collectors, and the police. There is, however, a seeming lack of patriotism in this Bunkian doctrine, as, if it be falsely true, Bunkus does not exist and Bunkusians are enormously bunked, by the mirage of mortal life, from the cradle to the grave. (NOTE: The report that *Mother Eddy* died is untrue: she never really lived.)

LLOYD GEORGE.

The Little Giant on the left, standing with uplifted hand and shrewd-glinting eye in an attitude of oratory, is none other than *Lloyd George*—he who, with the aid of several million soldiers, won the tremendous war of principal and interest that recently raged in the fair fields of Bunkus. Students of Bunkusian history will remember that *George* (of whom it was once commonly said, "Let *George* do it") craved the neck of the Chief Bunkalorum of the enemy at the conclusion of hostilities. It was a sore point with *George*, and indeed with the majority of mad Bunkusians, that the C. B. of the enemy had started the war

when the tribes of Bunkus were all ready to fight: and, ejaculated the energetic *George*, he should hang for the delectation of all Bunkus. Arrangements were made for a Bunkusian holiday, the first and chief—and, eventually, the only—arrangement being the re-election of *George* as leader of the bunkocracy. Not being able to procure a rope stout enough to sustain the weight of such a heavily burdened sinner as the arch-foe of Bunkus, *George* was forced to abandon his project and lead other issues to the slaughter which had been bunk-fed to the right size. Historians agree that *George* was the first man to discover the brilliant, blinding truth that Bunkusians will believe whatever they are told. He it was who carried to perfection the crafty art of State, revealing to charlatans of Bunkus, who might be led to follow in his footsteps, that issues need have no other issue than the issuance of official salaries from the exchequer of Bunkus. *George* was the man who learned that the secret of demagoguery is to fool most of the people several times, and time after time: when, ripe and content with a career of bunk, the demagog can turn the people over to foolers who come after him, who can exhibit new and shining models of bunk, and who hold a newly won place in the artless

affections of the Bunkusians.

BILLY SUNDAY.

Now we pause before the den of the *Rev. Billingsgate Sunday*, holy contortionist and ground-and-lofty-tumbler of the *Lord Bunkovah*. He is not afflicted with the St. Vitus dance nor is he in the throes of *delirium tremens*, but he is fighting the invisible *Devil*—who, having resisted stubbornly all the efforts of *Bunkovah* to vanquish him, may yet go down before the wild, terrible onslaughts of the *Rev. Billingsgate*. Formerly a baseball player, with the nature of a circus performer, *Billy* has not changed his temperament or his tactics: he is the vulgar showman still, only that he is more vicious with the *Great God Bunk* behind him. Zealously bent upon leading all men to *Bunkovah*, and throwing into the shade all gate receipts of his quondam profession, *Billy* has a style of anatomical anathema that is very effective with the gaping multitude, which comes to gape and stays to gibber. Those who do not yield to the charm of *Billingsgate* and kneel trembling before the imaginary shrine of *Bunkovah*, are denounced as low-browed, lantern-jawed, dirty-nosed, squint-eyed, rotten-livered, black-hearted, crooked-toed, knock-kneed, bow-legged sinners, rascals, and villains most vile. The anticipatory smell of burning flesh

risers to *Bunkovah* as the *Rev. Billingsgate* bounces and bawls, and the crackling of *Bunkovah's* bonfire is horribly loud. There are many who underestimate the *Rev. Billingsgate*; but in fact he is a deep student of religion and realizes its relation to insanity: and, appealing wildly to the insane tendency of the Bunkusians, he is the lurid leading light of the religion of Bunkus. *Rev. Billingsgate* is ignorant and seemingly near to being crazy—a fit, fanatical follower of *Besus*, the son of *Bunkovah*—his creed that of the *Great God Bunk* as crudely conceived by the first Bunkusians—and for this do Bunkusians in latter days flock to him and pay him great sums in tribute. Mighty is *Bunkovah*, and mightily mad is his minister *Billingsgate*.

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT.

This mild-looking, harmless creature is among the foremost bunkelists of Bunkus. His *When a Bunkusian's a Bunkusian* was read by the millions throughout Bunkus, and incidentally had an important philosophic significance, as it cast grave doubts upon the notion that Bunkus was in the van of progress. The delight of Bunkusians in reading this bunkelist is easily explainable. It is not simply that he knows how to spell, and that he is a master of the technique of beginning with Chapter One and

ending with Chapter Done. The chief attraction of this *Bell* is that he never rings out wildly, *a la Tennyson* (a poet who suffered lapses from the standards of a perfect Bunkusian), but always brings a sweet, glad tune: nothing ever happens in his bunkels that might possibly happen in Bunkus day by day: and exceeding praise of this *Bell* is implied in the saying, "We get enough sadness in real life." Good Bunkusian that he is, this *Bell* demands absolutely no thought or genuine emotion or understanding of character in his readers: indeed, it is lately the fashion, among Bunkusians who lead a busy life, to read *Bell's* bunkels in their sleep. Having been a preacher of the *Great God Bunk* for a number of years, *Bell* remains true to his training; and rumor (perhaps fancifully) credits him with writing his bunkels on an altar, which serves him as an inspirational desk. He is a careful writer, is *Bell*, and is willing to spend months trying to imagine a good man and woman, whom he diligently guides through obvious mysteries and misunderstandings to inevitable marriage with the blessing of *Bunkovah*. *Bell's* first bunkel, *He Loved Her and She Loved Him*, was so popular that he has rewritten it a half-dozen times, doing little more than change the title; thus his second

bunkel, to give it the peculiar *Bell* touch of originality, was entitled *She Loved Him and He Loved Her*. Now the critics say that *Bell* has hit upon a scheme for the perfect bunkel, an invention of unique simplicity which will be a landmark in the history of Bunkusian art: he will in future publish his bunkels with titles only, leaving the pages blank so that each reader may imagine the story for himself as he goes along, and enjoy it fully without batting or straining an eye.

HENRY FORD.

Looking at this specimen of *genus bunko*, you note his eyes rolling continually, and his face twitching, as if he fears a Thing that may spring upon him from any side. Odd, you say, for what can he fear in this land of Bunkus? to whose *bores* he so bunkily conforms, he being a Bunkusian born and bred. He fears the Bews, and it is the hallucination of his life that these Bews, who can in a flash assume human shape, are engaged in dreadful plots against the realm, and the coin thereof, of Bunkus. Psychologists have intimated that *Henry* is the victim of an infantile fancy; in his youth he listened to much reading of the *Bunkle* in which book it is related that the Bews did crucify and unmannerly use *Besus*, who is revered as the Bessiah of the Bunku-

sians. Childish pictures of the monstrosity of the Bews changed, as he grew to manhood, into a slightly more imposing delusion of conspiracy. It is *Henry's* belief, in which he is as set as concrete, that the Bews are trying to get hold of all the money in Bunkus: and every morning *Henry* counts his gold, which he keeps in that bulging bag you see in the corner, to assure himself that no Bew has come like a thief in the night. Shaking with emotion, *Henry* will insist that only the Bews are desirous of this kind of metal, and know dark ways to get it: although *Henry* and other Bunkusians possess it in vast quantities, and indeed the affection for money and the art of money-getting hold high place in the thoughts of all Bunkusians. *Henry*, in the great war between the Dees and the Dums of Tweedle (a continent of Bunkus), rushed to the front with a handful of ripe olives as a spell to work the magic of sudden peace: but travelling in a Bord car, he arrived too late. *Henry* is the manufacturer of the Bord car and contends with a hairpin manufacturer and a maker of dill pickles for the renown of being the greatest authority on economics, sociology, political economy, ethics, humor, dogma, art, gardening, woodcraft and, in general, bunkology. For, you see, it is the

custom in Bunkus to regard prosperity with awe, and to behold the leading citizen as *Sir Oracle*, one who can speak wisely on all matters. Some Bunkusians vow that *Henry* would be ideally capable of holding down the chair of Chief Bunkalorum, and enforcing the motto, "Millions for Bunkusians, but not one cent for Bews."

DR. FRANK CRANE.

Gents and folks, back of this man is a story that is well known to all who are learned in the annals of Bunkus. Once upon a time a wayfaring Bunkusian found himself lost and, chancing to meet a man who in outward appearance was like unto himself, he inquired the right direction. Whereupon the stranger, of all things, fell into talk about ideas that were uncomfortable and not the stuff of usual converse in Bunkus: he talked so strangely and amazingly that the baffled Bunkusian was on the point of becoming a homicide, when the ill-omened philosopher said, as he prepared to move on, "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." The Bunkusian smiled, and continued his journey. He was so impressed by the stranger's remark that he repeated it to the next man he met; and both men thereupon reiterated it; and soon all the people of Bunkus were familiar with it and loved it, and the wise man

who was not addled but knew his eggs (as they say in Bunkus) always felt intellectually safe and even profound when he declared, "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." And this was called a blatitude, and many were the blatitudinous expressions that followed it, until the number was great. Know, then, that the *Crane* whom you see has carried the art and philosophy of blatitude to perfection, wherefore he is dear to the hearts of all who dwell in Bunkus. It is not, however, upon his blatitudes alone that our *Crane's* reputation rests. He goes farther and, under cover of the air of blatitude so engagingly familiar to Bunkusians, he conveys sentiments romantic and idealistic, at odds with reality, as if they were true beyond cavil. It is the achievement of *Crane* that, finding how easy it was to convince Bunkusians (and impress them no less) with what they knew to be true, he reasoned that it would be just as simple a trick to convince them of what they knew to be untrue and idealistically at the opposite from the common practice of life. This *Crane*, or *Brane*, as he is sometimes called, has a three-fold purpose in writing: that he may tell what is well known ("Look out for the cars!")—what is not worth knowing ("There is a *Bunkle* in every

hotel room in Bunkus")—what is past believing ("The Bunkusian is not a materialist at heart; with *Bunkovah* by his side, he feels the life of the spirit; he is unselfish, thoughtful, a lover of freedom and a defender of the Best Things in Life"). Recently, *Crane* won several days' fame with an essay on *Bunkovah and the Little Boy*, in which he proved that even a tiny bunkette is precious, and animadverted on the theme, "A little Bunkusian shall lead them."

MAGNUS JOHNSON.

A gunny-sack full of burnt holes is kept always before this man, as it is not meet that one should see him fully, face to face. He is a man apart, is *Magnus*. There is none like unto him in all Bunkus. He has milked cows—yes, even this has *Magnus* done. Yonder hangs the pail which first he used in milking. *Magnus* has hoed potatoes. He is the veteran of many a struggle with hordes of potato bugs. Oh! *Magnus*, wonderful to relate, has planted corn, pitched hay, spit wood, drawn water from the well—and many other things, with his own hands, has he done. Once he walked several miles—

simple man that he is—disdaining the luxury of a conveyance: and the tale is told to this day around the firesides of Bunkus. Being this kind of man, it follows naturally (as things go in Bunkus) that *Magnus*, whose name is a variant of *Bagnus*, is the greatest statesman who ever went upon the hustings to cry out that magic formula, "The Peepul." *Magnus* is a "peepul's" man, a Bunkusian from tip to toe, and he can declaim *The Man With the Hoe*, with appropriate gestures that illustrate a phase of his life's history. *Magnus* is no "swell" and he can eat a plain boiled dinner in his shirt sleeves with a determination that reminds one of *Alexander*, *Socrates* and *William Pitt*, and that shows the statesmanlike heritage of the man. *Magnus* holds firmly to the theory that the "peepul" are the divine arbiters of bunkocracy (whether in Tennessee or Timbuctoo) and he is fond of saying, on all occasions, "The voice of the Bunkusians is the voice of *Bunkovah*." (APPENDIX: *Magnus* is not a radical, but his ideal is that the hoe shall continue to be worthy of the man.)

